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# DRUMMER

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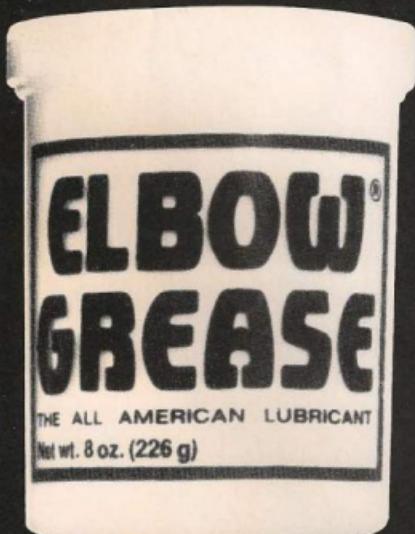
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ISSUE 38

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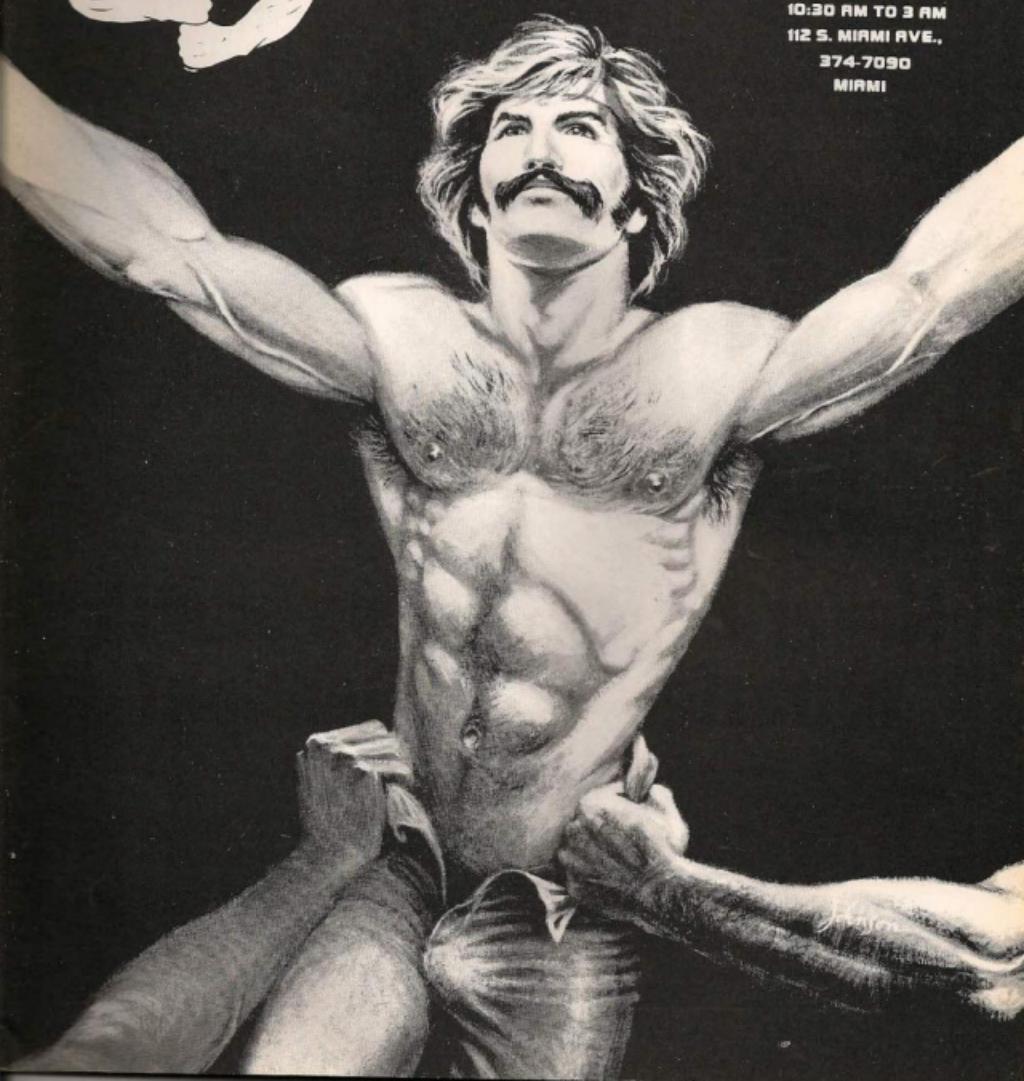
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# DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5

38

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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*Contents Page: Val Martin, the Drummer contestant in the Mr. International Leather contest. Photo by Dave Sands.*

# DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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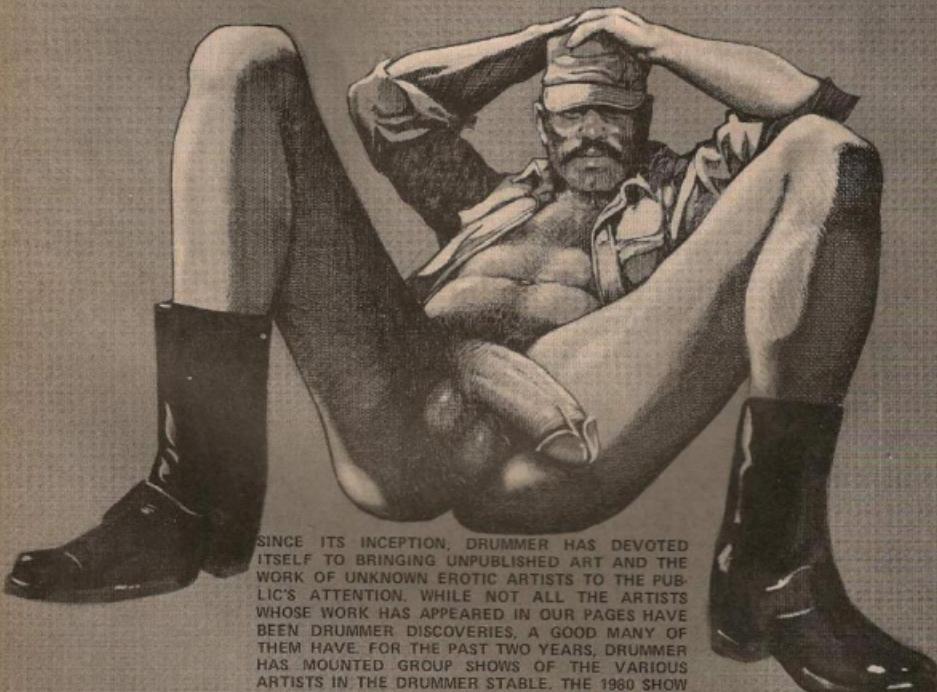
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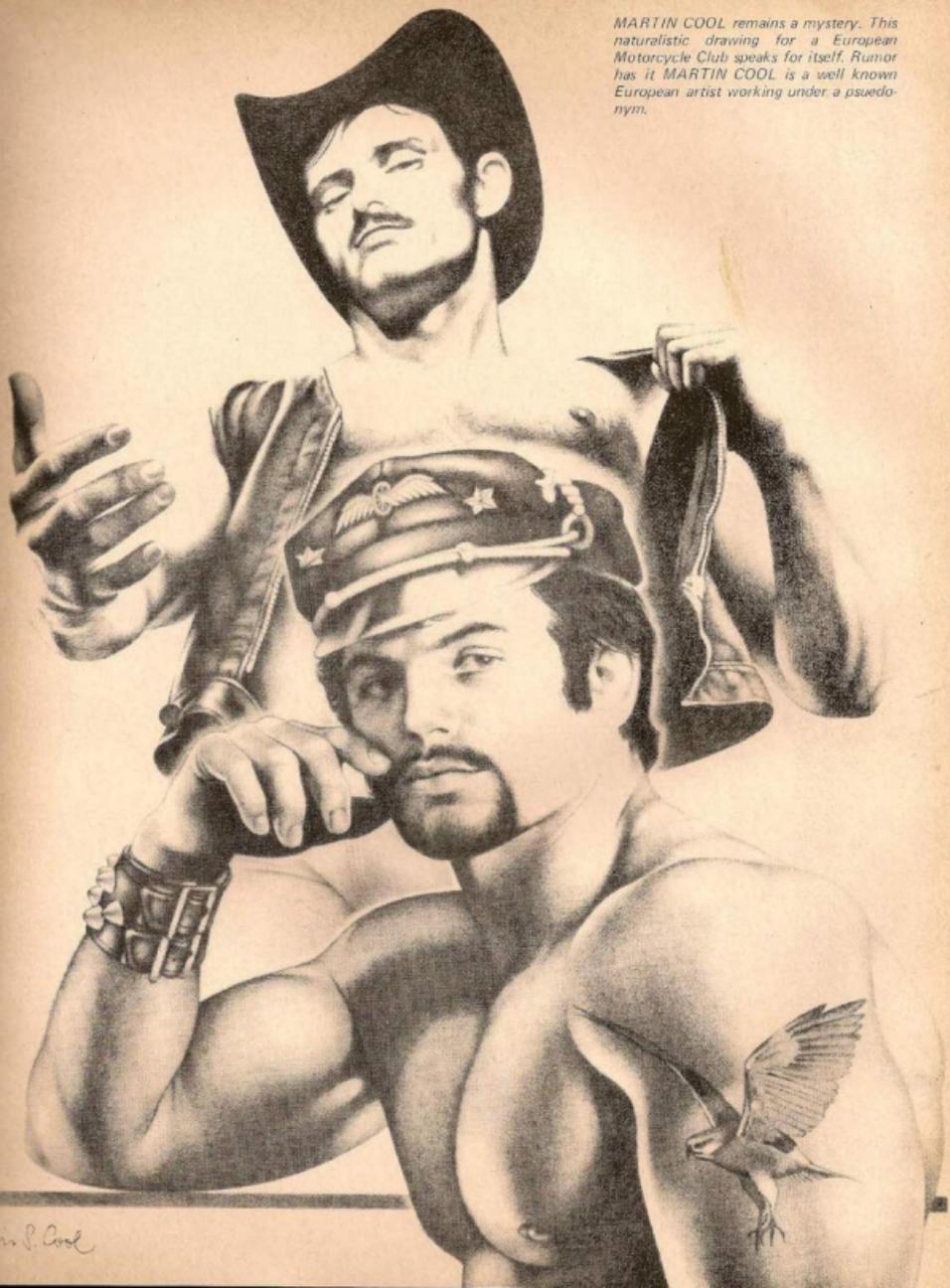
# DRUMMER EROTIC ART SHOW

Englishman BILL WARD caused his own revolution in America when he introduced DRUM in DRUMMER's pages. While DRUM was an Englishman's conception of the all-American stud in heat, he quickly became the American prototype.



SINCE ITS INCEPTION, DRUMMER HAS DEVOTED ITSELF TO BRINGING UNPUBLISHED ART AND THE WORK OF UNKNOWN EROTIC ARTISTS TO THE PUBLIC'S ATTENTION. WHILE NOT ALL THE ARTISTS WHOSE WORK HAS APPEARED IN OUR PAGES HAVE BEEN DRUMMER DISCOVERIES, A GOOD MANY OF THEM HAVE. FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, DRUMMER HAS MOUNTED GROUP SHOWS OF THE VARIOUS ARTISTS IN THE DRUMMER STABLE. THE 1980 SHOW IS CURRENTLY IN SAN FRANCISCO AT THE HEADQUARTERS, AND WILL POSSIBLY TRAVEL TO VARIOUS CITIES. WHILE SOME OF THE WORK EXHIBITED IS FROM THE PERMANENT DRUMMER COLLECTION, MOST OF THE ARTISTS REPRESENTED HAVE WORK IN THE SHOW AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE.

*MARTIN COOL* remains a mystery. This naturalistic drawing for a European Motorcycle Club speaks for itself. Rumor has it *MARTIN COOL* is a well known European artist working under a pseudonym.

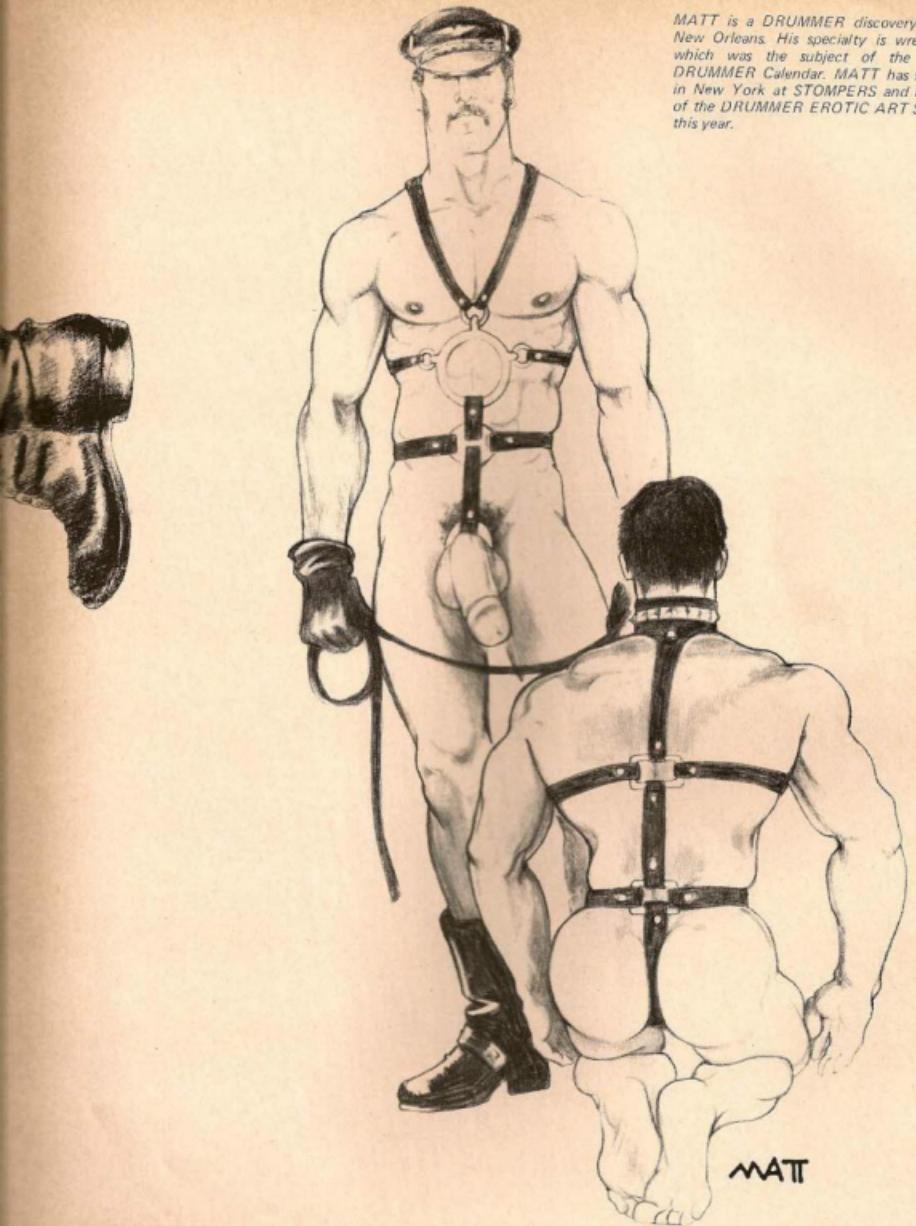


Martin P. Cool

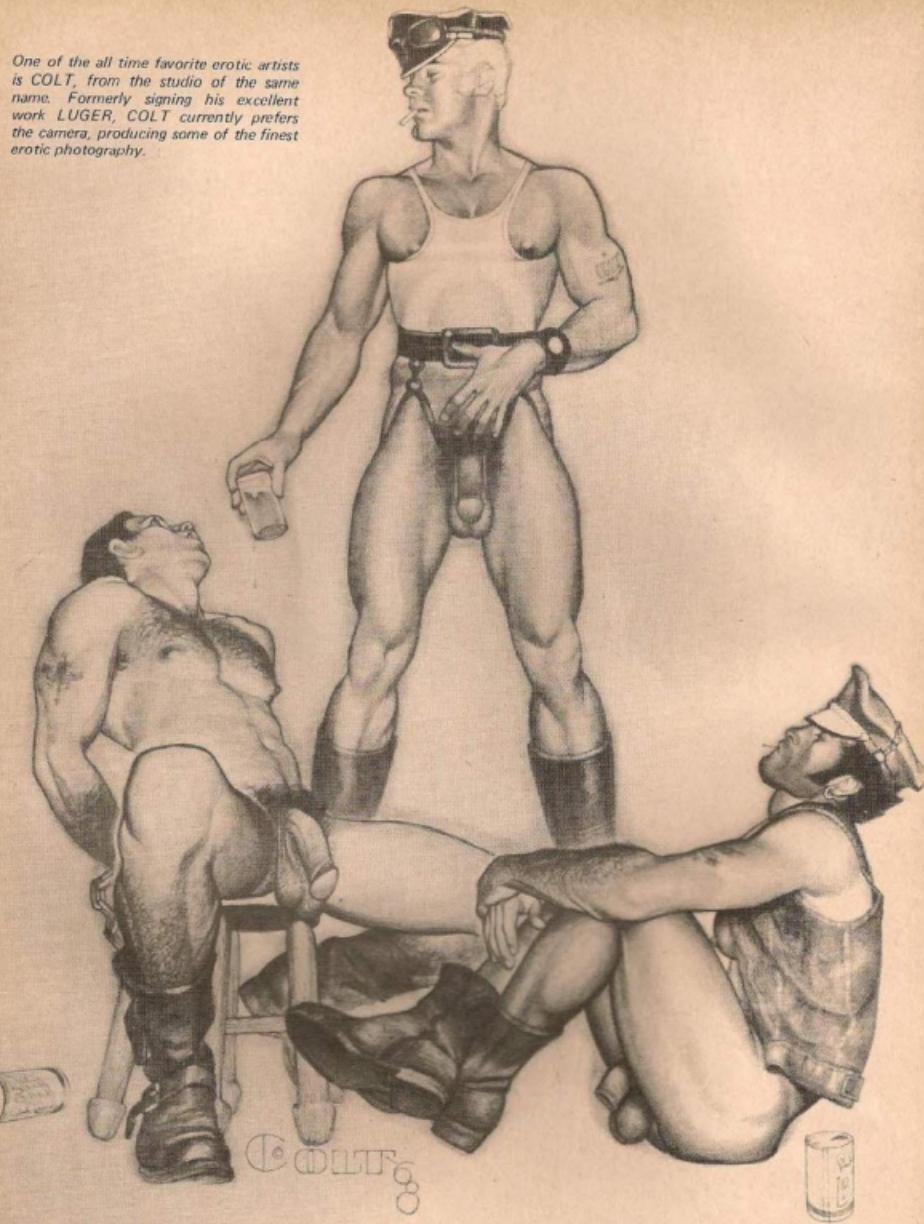
BRICK illustrated the major chapters of Jack Prescott's *MR. BENSON*, serialized in *DRUMMER* during the last year. He is a well-known New York commercial illustrator with an obvious flair for the bizarre.

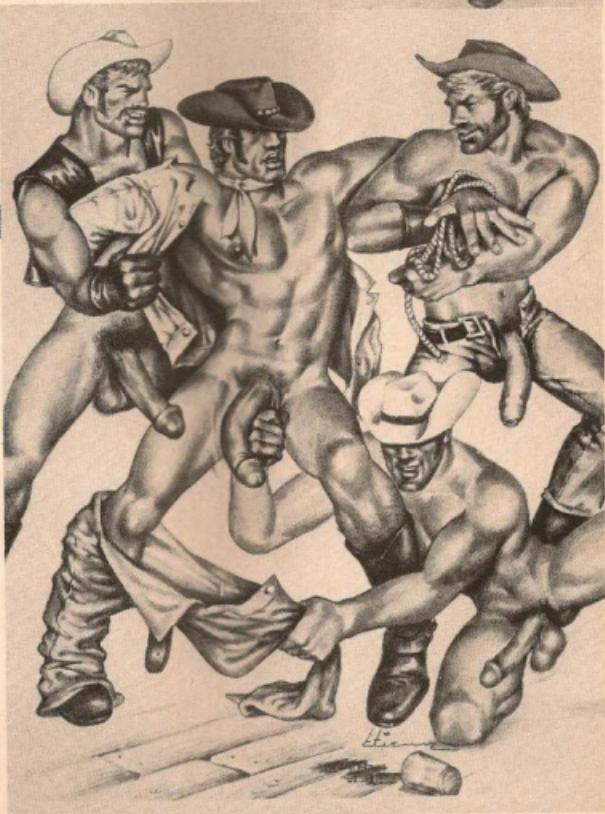


*MATT is a DRUMMER discovery from New Orleans. His specialty is wrestlers, which was the subject of the 1980 DRUMMER Calendar. MATT has shown in New York at STOMPERS and is part of the DRUMMER EROTIC ART SHOW this year.*

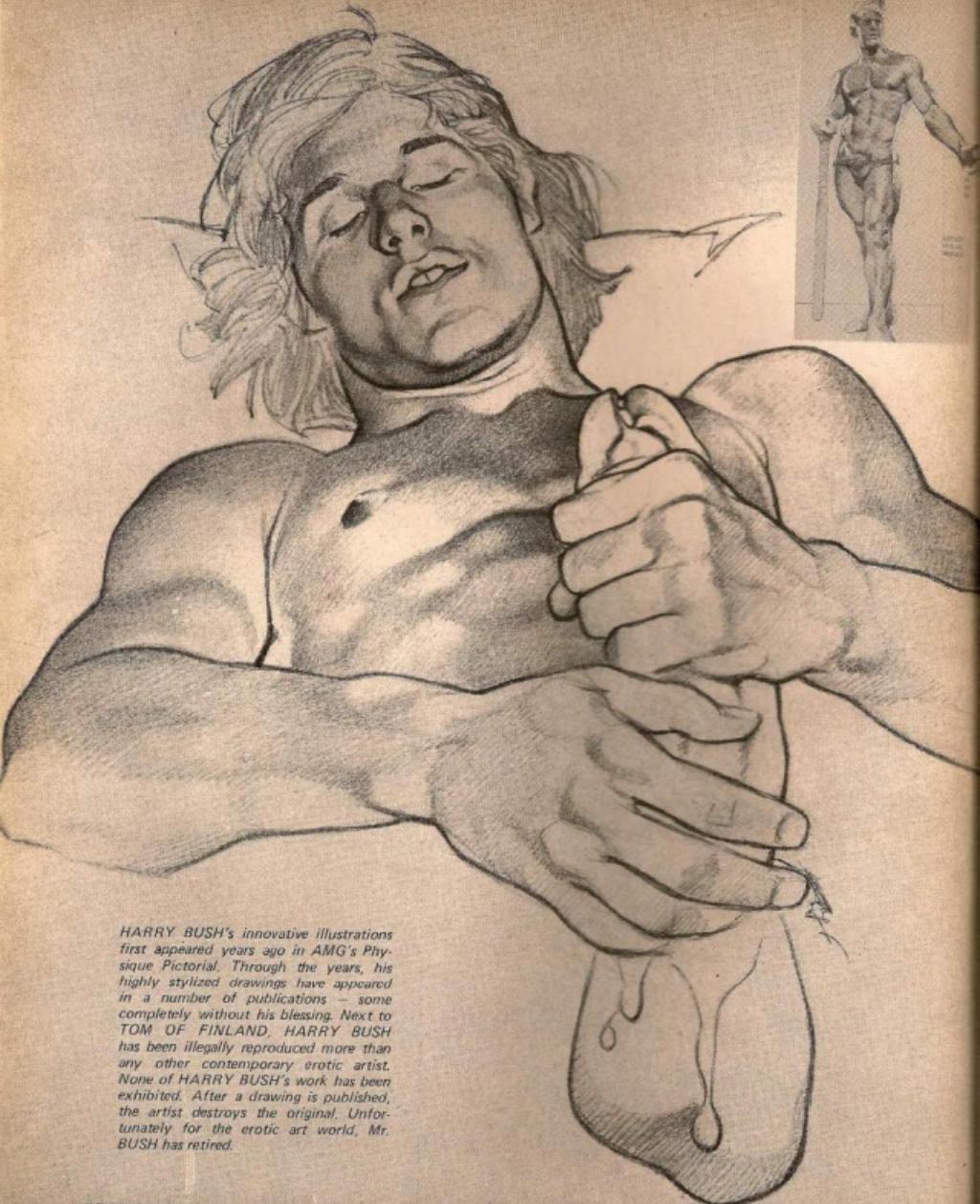


One of the all time favorite erotic artists is **COLT**, from the studio of the same name. Formerly signing his excellent work **LUGER**, **COLT** currently prefers the camera, producing some of the finest erotic photography.





Chicago artist ETIENNE signed his work STEPHAN for a while. His work, while reminiscent of Tom of Finland, is nonetheless unique and highly imaginative. He was closely associated with the early Kris Studios, a pacesetter in the presentation of the male physique. His murals can be found on the walls of the Gold Coast in Chicago. A major retrospective of his work is being published by DRUMMER this year.



HARRY BUSH's innovative illustrations first appeared years ago in AMG's *Physique Pictorial*. Through the years, his highly stylized drawings have appeared in a number of publications — some completely without his blessing. Next to TOM OF FINLAND, HARRY BUSH has been illegally reproduced more than any other contemporary erotic artist. None of HARRY BUSH's work has been exhibited. After a drawing is published, the artist destroys the original. Unfortunately for the erotic art world, Mr. BUSH has retired.



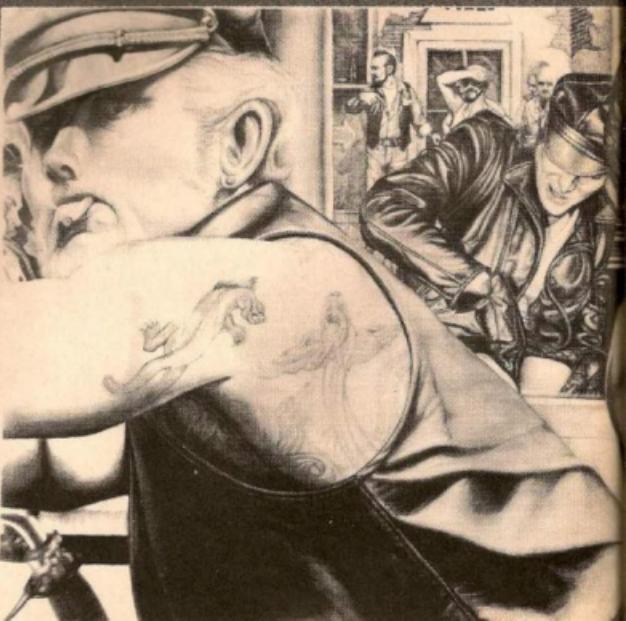
REX and his legend has spread from New York to his current San Francisco residence. His highly-imaginative stipple work is still the trademark, although he works in other mediums. Recently, he has turned to advertising illustration. ▽

▲ BUD, whose work graced DRUMMER's very first cover, is also an established ceramic sculptor. White BUD has a very popular and distinctive style, and his work has gained a following, he produces very little new artwork each year.

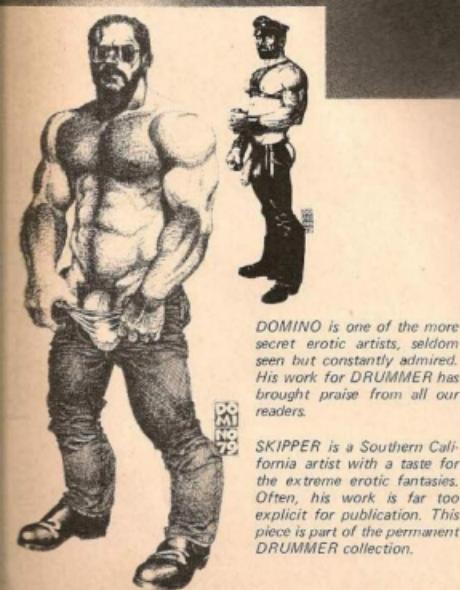




△ WAYNE FLYNN is a graduate of Virginia Commonwealth University with a degree in Fine Arts. He has shown at the Hardman and Tyson Galleries in San Francisco, where he currently lives. This is his first appearance in DRUMMER's pages. Signed and numbered prints of Armwrestlers and other work is available from the artist, D.W. FLYNN, 1102 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

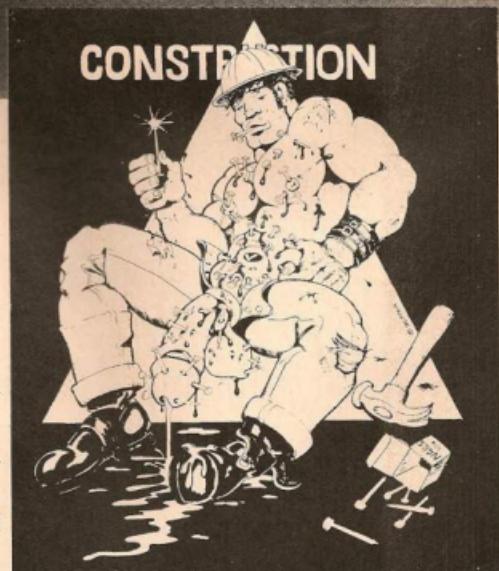


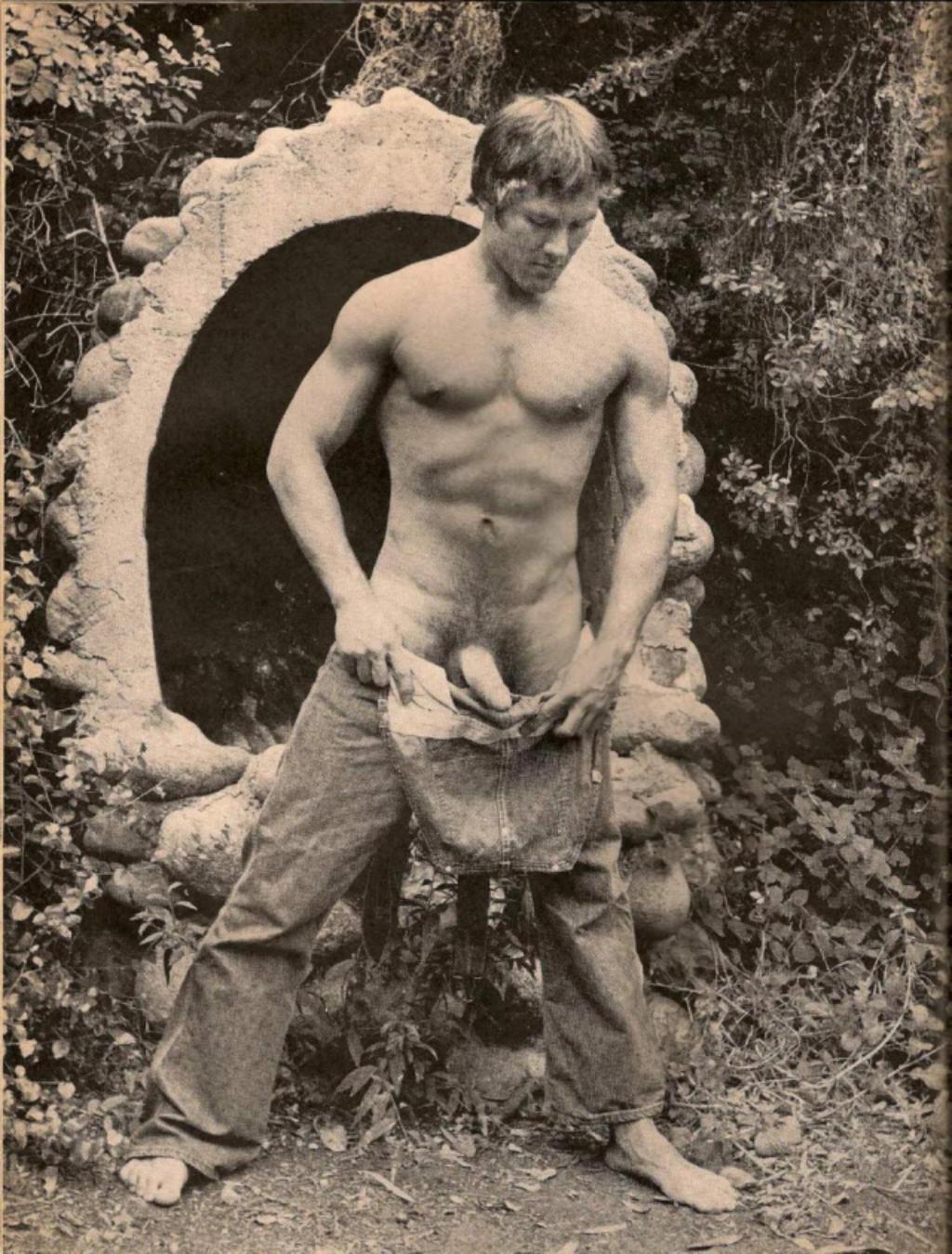
OLAF, who has lived in every major American city and a number of foreign countries, has had gallery exhibitions in New York and San Francisco. He illustrated THE STORY OF Q, published by DRUMMER, and his work has appeared in every major gay publication. He also created illustrations for S&M GYM, and continues as an illustrator for Alternative Publishing. △



*DOMINO is one of the more secret erotic artists, seldom seen but constantly admired. His work for DRUMMER has brought praise from all our readers.*

*SKIPPER is a Southern California artist with a taste for the extreme erotic fantasies. Often, his work is far too explicit for publication. This piece is part of the permanent DRUMMER collection.*





# LOGGER

by Greg Nero

photos by Zeus

Luke Johnson leaned his 5-foot 10-inch, 185 pound body against his double headed axe, unbuttoned his red plaid shirt, and ran a hand over his tanned chest. Sweat poured off the slabs of his hairy-black pectorals in slimy rivers, down the gullies of his defined abdominals, into the waistband of his levis until his wet pants clung tighter than a second skin. Whoever said the Pacific Northwest never sees the sky for the rain wasn't there in the middle of July. It was a blistering clear day, not a cloud on the horizon, and hotter than a fucking firecracker!

Undoing the top button and lowering the zipper, Luke hauled out his cock and balls to give them some fresh air. His dick was always throbbing half-hard, ready to swell fully erect at a moment's notice, but it was when he was out logging that the damn thing became almost impossible to control. It was like it had a mind of its own, and the last thing a logger needs when he's wielding an axe or using a chain saw is his eleven-inch meat getting in the way.

Shading his eyes against the mid-day sun, Luke looked up into the branches of the 150-foot Ponderosa Pine he'd been working on. Just a couple of bites with his axe, he figured, and down it would come. Sure, Luke used a gasoline powered chain saw for most of the job but, for those last few inches, he used an axe. Made him feel more like a lumberjack. Logging is too goddamn mechanized, he'd always grumble.

"Yup, a couple of bites and you're mine. All mine."

Hand stroking his slick cock, Luke glanced around for his new partner, Dean. Nowhere in sight. He and Dean were probably the only two men in that whole part of Washington State and now, dammit, he couldn't even be sure where the fucker was!

Luke didn't care much for Dean anyhow, too much of a braggart. Dean had spent his first four days in camp telling everyone what a stud he was and how he had every woman from Anchorage to San Francisco hungering after his bull cock. His soft dick looked big enough in the showers but, as every cock connoisseur knows, the test comes in what a man can do with what he's got. "Talk is cheap," spat Luke.

Hard dick still poking out his pants, Luke grabbed his axe and swung it through the air. The iron head met the trunk and bit deep, sending a woodchip flying a good ten feet.

"Come on, you cocksucker," Luke snarled. "You can't fight me!" Four more bites and then he had it.

The mighty pine seemed to waver for a moment, to claw at the pale blue sky with its outstretched branches, fighting like hell to remain upright. But, with an explosive snap, an agonizing crackle, and a shower of splinters, the gargantua lost its battle and started tipping.

"TIMBERRRRR!"

The magic word brought everything in the forest to a stand-

still. Nothing moved, not a fucking thing.

Luke stepped back a couple of yards to watch the tree fall. This was the best part, his reward. Watching one of those goddamn motherfuckers come crashing to the ground made up for all the ball-busting work, all the sweat and aching muscles, made up for the cold in winter and the mosquitoes in summer.

Watching that tree, Luke is held spell-bound by his own destruction. It's like he's got life and death power. It's his eye that picks out which tree is going to come down, it's his hands which know where to make the first cuts so that the trunk will fall exactly where he wants it. It's his muscles and skill with the chain saw that eat through the rough bark and weather-tempered trunk. He has that much power.

His hand going automatically to his cock, Luke swelled with pride and, roaring at the top of his lungs for all to hear, announced, "You fucking belong to me!" He wished it were some eager lumberjack's asshole stretched tight around his dick instead of just his fingers but, with that Ponderosa Pine coming down, his cock wanted attention right fucking now!

C R A S H! The tree hit the ground, sending up a shower of bark, needles, and dirt. What a fucking sight! Beating fast to speed the grueling pressure, Luke helped increase the tension by roughly twisting his nipples between the thick callouses of his free fingers. Nothing turned him on faster than to have someone playing with his super-sensitive tits. They were big, hard as rock, and connected directly to his cock. Hell, he had come many times just mashing his tits, didn't even touch his cock! And when he stuck a clamp on them, watch out. Clamps drove Luke screwy.

Giving his head a shake to get rid of the sweat, Luke glimpsed a figure through the settling dust openly watching him eat his meat. Leaning against a small Sequoia about thirty feet away was his new partner, Dean.

Luke kept stroking his engine, letting the pressure build in his balls. For a guy who keeps boasting about what a stud he is with the ladies, he sure is taking a big interest in my dick, he thought.

If Dean's hard cock matched his physique then he would be one hell of a motherfucker. As it was, he stood 6-foot 4-inches and carried 265 pounds around with him. He had a pro-wrestler's build: broad shoulders, deep chest, massive arms, rounded belly, and thick legs. There was no doubt he was strong and the muscle large but there was very little definition, one big muscle just blended into the next big one. Not like Luke, whose muscles were sharp and defined.

To add to Dean's awesome appearance was his large shaved head, which looked more muscle than brain, and his bushy black beard. Then, as if to make up for the hair missing up top, the rest of Dean's body was covered with a thick mat of fur. There wasn't a bare patch of skin anywhere except the

soles of his feet, the palms of his hands, and his dick.

Feeling another sharp pang in his sac, Luke started jacking faster, all the while staring hard into Dean's eyes. Luke hadn't paid much attention to Dean before but, now that he had a good look at him, he wanted the bastard. And, dammit, he decided he would have Dean on his terms before the day was out.

Deans eyes didn't waver a second from Luke's cock, it was like he was hypnotized. Although his face was totally passive, there were other signs that Dean was churning inside. His broad chest was puffing like a bellows, his thimble-sized nipples were bloated and trying to tear through the dirty white t-shirt, and there was a growing bulge in his faded levis. Something was definitely going on behind that cool exterior.

Gritting his teeth against the pressure, Luke gave a sharp gasp as the first wad of spunk shot from his cock. It flew through the air, hit the needle-covered ground with a splat, and was quickly joined by two more heavy wads. "Ahhhhh." Lazily milking the shaft of its last sticky drops, Luke let out a contented sigh and smiled.

Dean's intent gaze slowly took in Luke's dripping cock, the defined arms and the bulging chest. Then he made the mistake of looking up into Luke's piercing eyes. Try as he might, Dean couldn't break away. He was trapped, and he knew it.

Luke pulled the corners of his mouth into a smirk, as if to say, "I've got what you want," and brought his hand up to lick the cum from his fingers.

Dean swallowed hard. Unable to take any more teasing, he broke Luke's stare, picked up his axe and strode over to the first half-decent tree he could find. For the rest of the morning Dean went after that tree like a bat out of hell, never giving himself a rest or a chance to slow down. He seemed to completely forget that his chain saw was only fifty yards away and if he used it, instead of just the axe, the tree would be down in no time. Or, maybe, he knew exactly where it was, since it would mean passing Luke to get it.

There were terrible things for Dean to think about while he swung that axe. He had finally found a lumberjack who turned his gut to jelly and gave him a hard-on just by looking at him. Damn, Luke had everything Dean wanted — muscles, a monster cock, and a Master's headspace. But what if Luke didn't want him? What if the smile was just to string him along before the door slammed in his face?

Fuck, rejection, Dean decided. He'd have to try his hand with Luke. But, how? When? What was he going to do?

"Hey, Dean! It's time we broke for lunch!"

"I'll be there in a minute." Dean needed time to think, time to cool off. Knowing just the place, he buried his axe in the stump and high-tailed it through the forest towards the river.

Breaking out of the trees, Dean scrambled down the steep embankment like he was being chased by wolves, stripped naked on the narrow sandy beach and ran headlong into the cool, clear water. Soon he was in over his head and swimming hard against the slow-moving current. Shit, he felt better already. Even his memory of Luke jacking off had begun to fade. Then, he heard it.

"Dean, get your ass out of there!"

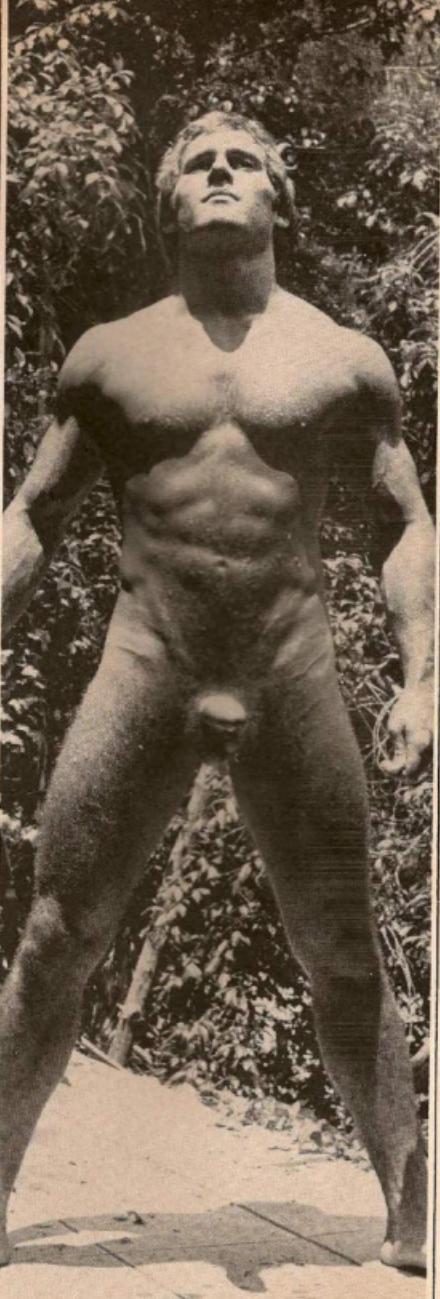
Nervously, Dean swam back to the beach and stepped before Luke, all the while fighting to control his shaking body. He felt worse than that day at Parris Island when his D.I. took a "liking" to him and gave him extra duty out behind the latrines. He had an idea, though, that that was child's play compared with what was coming.

"Get your hands away from your cock."

Uncovered, Dean's prick mushroomed to its full ten inches. It was only an inch shorter and just a little thinner than Luke's but, for some reason, Dean was embarrassed and afraid it wouldn't meet Luke's standards.

Luke studied the mountain of a man and grunted. Shit, everything about the glistening 6'4" form was fucking huge! "Not bad, Dean. Not bad at all." Luke's own cock was a rock-hard pillar sticking down his left pantleg. He squeezed it, hoping the pressure would subside but, of course, it didn't.

"Swimming's a damn fine idea, Dean. Good way to cool off." Luke stepped back and sat on a large log. It must have washed up on the beach years ago, time and water had made it smooth as silk. "I'm going to need some help. Take my boots off, will ya?"



Dean wasn't sure what Luke had in mind but he figured he'd better not stop and ask questions. He reached over to undo the left lace when Luke growled, "Use your teeth, asshole."

Dean flushed red and was about to protest when he saw the deadly seriousness of the command reflected in Luke's eyes. Carefully, he lowered his 265 pounds to the ground, sprawled belly-flat against the warm sand, and took a mud-covered lace between his teeth.

It took a long time for Dean to unlace both boots without using his hands but, for Luke, it was worth every minute having that mountain of muscle gorgelling at his feet. Staring at the rippling muscles in Dean's back caused hundreds of tiny needles to stab Luke's throbbing cock and tickle his fiery balls. Shit, it was all he could do to keep from jacking off just watching the twin mounds of Dean's hairy ass bobbing up and down.

"That's not bad, Dean. Now the socks."

Dean gave a little moan but did as he was told. It was hard not to keep from throwing up at the stench of Luke's days-unwashed socks worked its way up his nostrils. But, once he got the socks off and accidentally brushed his lips on Luke's sweaty foot, the taste of a real man's body blasted his brain. It was like a bomb going off, triggering the release of all his pent-up desires. Dean couldn't get enough of Luke's sweat, lapping the salt like a thirsty man at a watering hole and rubbing his cheeks lovingly against the slick skin.

Without even asking, Dean began licking the sweat between Luke's toes. Real man's sweat, the kind of sweat that comes from hard, ball-busting work in the hot sun. When he finished searching between the toes, he started taking each whole toe into his mouth for a good washing, not wanting to miss a drop of Luke's nectar.

Luke gave a satisfied grunt as he watched the squirming man at his feet. "Wait a second, asshole," he ordered, pushing Dean's face away with his foot. He pulled off his clothes and stretched out flat on the log with his hands cupped behind his head. "You looking for sweat? Clean out my pits!"

Dean eagerly stuck his face in Luke's right armpit and took a deep breath. "Oh, shit, shit, shit," he moaned, rubbing his nose in the moist, sticky hair and sniffing as much of the ambrosia as he could before switching to long, luxurious tongue licks to lap up the man-dew.

From the armpit, Dean followed the lower edge of Luke's rounded pectorals, slurping up the sweat that had collected in the crease. Then, for good measure, he nuzzled the bulging pecs, feeling the steel-hard muscles beneath the fur-covered skin, and chewed on the puckered, quarter-sized left nipple until he had Luke writhing under him.

Figuring he had Luke right where he wanted him, Dean slid his tongue down the length of Luke's body and started working on his balls, using slow, tantalizing licks to get the pools of sweat trapped in the folds. Encouraged when Luke opened his legs wide to give him more working room, Dean decided to shoot the works and pounced on Luke's sky-high pecker.

He barely had his lips around the tip of Luke's cock when, out of nowhere, a fist smashed against his head and sent him tumbling on his ass. Focusing his eyes, he saw Luke standing over him with fists clenched and every muscle tensed in battle readiness.

"Nobody touches this cock unless I tell them," snarled Luke. Lightning-fast, he squatted and grabbed Dean's balls. "Is that clear?" When Dean didn't answer fast enough to suit him, Luke gave the nuts another vicious twist and barked, "Is that clear?"

"Yes, Yes, sir! I'll never do it again, Sir. Never without your permission, Sir!"

Luke released the sac and smiled. "Good." Satisfied, he rose and ambled into the river's soothing water.

Dean wrestled with his pride a long time but, finally, need and desire won out over ego and he humbly waded in and stood before his Master. "Please, Sir, can I suck your cock?"

Luke just stared at the hulking giant with contempt. Although Dean was a good six inches taller and eighty pounds heavier, Luke wasn't the least bit worried about Dean's destructive capabilities. He had mind-fucked the guy and that was the best way to control any man.

Dean licked his lips and nervously looked about the tree-lined river valley while waiting for his answer. "Sir, can I have your cock? Please, Sir, I gotta have your cock."



Luke's hands shot out and seized Dean's big, firm nipples, twisting one clockwise, the other counter-clockwise. Dean cried out and dropped to his knees in agony. Shit, he thought. Luke was trying to rip his inflamed tits right off him.

"So you want my cock, huh? If you want this piece of meat, asshole, you're going to have to prove yourself man enough for it. I don't waste my time and cock on fucking boys."

Luke knew Dean wasn't a boy, knew that he was one hell of a man. But, damn, Luke could get any man he wanted in Seattle. What he wanted to find was a man-fucking logger, someone like himself. Maybe Dean was such a man, a logger, maybe he wasn't. Only way to find out was to test him.

"Yesterday, between the two of us, we cut 125 trees. Before the end of today, I want 175 trees on the ground. You got that? 175 trees or no cock. Well, what are you waiting for?"

Luke had to admit that Dean knew his way around a forest with a chain saw. Between them, the sawdust flew thick and fast. That magic word, "Timber!" was shouted so often, it seemed like one call was still echoing when a new one would start up.

Dean was really bustin' ass. He wanted Luke, his whole body was aching for Luke, and it showed. His muscles were so pumped that his clothes looked like they were going to split at the seams at any moment.

His cock had been hard since long before Luke issued his challenge so that, by late afternoon, it felt ten times bigger than normal and hurt like hell. It was like someone had wrapped the shaft in rough binder twine then jacked it off, until the whole thing was shredded and just so much raw meat. At least the damn thing hadn't started bleeding.

Dean's cock wasn't the only thing that hurt. His balls were bloated with scorching cum, his asshole prickled with a thousand jabbing pins, and his nipples were so tender that just the friction of his t-shirt brought tears to his eyes. He tried taking his t-shirt off to relieve the pressure but then his nipples swelled up so hard and painful that he thought they'd explode any second and decided that some binding was better than nothing.

Around five o'clock, Luke made a quick tally and figured they'd cut 176 Ponderosa Pine. Good, he'd get Dean after all. "TIMBERRRRR!" Dean straightened, wiping his face and stretching, trying to ease the kinks out of his muscles. That had been one bitch of a tree to bring down.

"It's time to pack it in," yelled Luke, walking over the thick patches of forest moss to where he'd hung his knapsack on a small Douglas Fir.

Dean raced up and stopped about five feet away. "I count 178 trees," he said, pulling nervously at his levis to get his erection more room. "I've been waiting for you all day, Sir."

"Shut up, asshole. I'm the one who does any talking."

"Yes, Sir." Dean anxiously looked down at his scuffed boots and tried to contain himself.

"No more wasting time. Strip, asshole, and let's get down to business."

Dean shucked his clothes as fast as he could, tossing the useless garments against the fir, then stood uneasily in all his massive 6'4", 265 pound hairy-black maleness before the man he called "Sir." His 10-inch pole stuck up straight like one of the pines he'd been working on, its cut head gleaming in the fading light with pre-cum dribbling from the wide pisshole.

To Dean's surprise, Luke got on his knees in front of him and swallowed his dick right down to the balls. He hadn't expected a studmaster like Luke to give blow jobs but, fuck, he was doing it! And doing it damn good. Under Luke's skillful mouthwork, he wasn't going to last much longer, what with the fire in his balls creeping up the length of his cock and threatening to blow his dick wide open. No, not long at all. He moaned and hunched over, putting his hands on Luke's broad shoulders for support against the assault on his dick.

Luke slurped hungrily at Dean's rod like it was an all-day sucker, tracing every throbbing vein on the monstrous shaft, lapping at the silky-smooth knobhead, and tickling the pisshole. For a change, once in a while he would chow down on Dean's hairy sac, taking first one elephant ball in his mouth and then the other, massaging them with his tongue or pressing them against the roof of his mouth. As soon as he'd done both balls, though, it'd be right back up to that pisshole to gobble more of the oozing pre-cum. Rivers of it! Hot damn, if Dean

didn't have the sweetest pre-cum he'd ever tasted. Pure honey. They ought to bottle and sell it, he thought.

Luke felt the gallons of gism quickly gathering in Dean's shaft and grabbed a handful of the man's balls to stop the eruption. Hard. Mean. Dean fell back on his ass, hands pressed tight against his sweaty head, letting out a wounded, guttural moan.

"I got me a better use for that juice," smirked Luke, stripping off his clothes. "It'd be a fucking crime to waste any man with a pecker as big as yours." He reached into his knapsack, pulled out a tube of KY, and squeezed a load onto his hand. Then he took hold of Dean's fuckpole and gave its ten solid inches a good coating before laying a slick down the crack of his own ass. Squatting down face to face with Dean, he positioned his asshole over Dean's cockhead.

"Now, don't you go soft on me," ordered Luke. "I've been looking forward to that joystick of yours all afternoon." Impaling himself on the horsedick, Luke let out a satisfying groan the wider his hole stretched to accommodate the monster. Taking the whole shaft in one smooth movement, he paused only a second at the bottom to catch his breath before he started violently shaking and grinding, letting Dean's cock stir up his insides like batter in a blender. It wasn't often he found a man who could fill him so completely and he was damned if he wasn't going to get the most out of Dean's equipment.

Luke grabbed Dean's jutting nipples to help his balance and almost tore off both of Dean's pecs yanking them back and forth. He couldn't help laughing when he thought how sore they'd be tomorrow, reminding himself to give them a tug in the morning. Nothing like seeing a grown man rolling on the floor, holding his tits.

Now that Luke was mashing his paps, writhing on his cock and bouncing his balls, Dean was bucking like a stallion and thinking for sure he was going to pass out from the torture. The pressure in his groin was building like a freight train rushing out of control, just waiting for the chance to derail and judging by the tightness, it wasn't going to be long now. He'd never be able to repay Luke enough for this, never. This was man-fucking at its best, as it should be.

Luke figured the time had come. Dean was primed and that cock of his felt like it was ready to explode in a thousand pieces. He raised his ass high enough so that most of Dean's cock was exposed without popping out then, without warning, rammed it down hard until it smashed against Dean's balls and drove the cock deep into his gut.

Then—Again! And again!

That was all Dean needed. He went wild and let out an ear-shattering scream as he flopped around on the moss bed, looking like he'd been zapped with 40,000 volts of electricity.

BAM! Dean's first wad exploded from his engorged cock and set a course for Luke's guts. The second wad burst out of his pisshole with equal force and mingled hot and sticky with the first. Dean's heavy balls contracted tight a third and fourth time, sending more creamy hot cum rocketing up the shaft. "Ahhhhhhhhhhh!"

Moments later, wild thrashing over and with hot spunk searing his swollen belly, a muscle-relaxing wave swept through Luke and he sagged onto Dean's broad, heaving chest with the fuckpole still stuck firmly up his butt. Thick muscled chest lay against thick muscled chest, razer-pointed nipples slicing into sweat-covered hairy skin. Luke's hands pressed heavily into the bulging biceps of Dean's arms, his muscled thighs straddled Dean's narrow hips.

For a while, Dean was content to remain as he was, with his Master laying on top of him, but he knew he'd feel even happier if Luke's hard cock was fucking him. It lay sandwiched between them, all fat and steaming and loaded with gism, still primed and waiting. A hunger filled Dean's belly. He had to have Luke's cock, had to have it in him! He had to have it in him now!

"Please, Sir, fuck me. I want that hot prick of yours to blow my ass."

Luke eased up and stood stroking his dick, feeling the foreskin slide back and forth over his cockhead and the large, syrupy drops of pre-cum gathering at the pisshole. "You do, huh?"

"I want you to split my ass wide open with your cock. I want that big knob to scramble my insides and a gallon of your juice to fill my guts. Please, Sir, please!"

"Stop your goddamn snivelling and bend over that tree trunk," Luke ordered. Shit, he hated to hear a man whine. Ought to just shove my cock down his throat and choke him, he thought.

Luke pulled Dean's fat cheeks apart and spit a mouthful of juice into the deep gully. He watched the spit run down the hairy crack until it reached the puckered asshole then guided it into the chute using his fore and middle fingers. He shoved the fingers in deeper and ran them around the rim, letting Dean's hole relax under his massaging probe.

He's going to be nice and tight, thought Luke, taking a deep whiff of Dean's pungent man-smell and letting it sizzle his brain. "Fuckin' alright," he moaned, quickly lubing his cock with pre-cum and another gob of spit until it was extra slick and slippery.

"Ain't you going to use any grease?"

"Hell, no! And you better pray I got enough spit on my prick, because if there's one thing that pisses me off, it's hitting a dry hole when I'm fucking."

Luke guided the head of his cock to Dean's opening and paused to breathe in the power and strength of the towering trees around him. Thinking of all that uncut lumber just waiting for him always got Luke super horny and made him feel like he was ten feet tall. Hell, they were better than a double dose of Spanish Fly to a logger like Luke about to do some heavy-duty butt-fucking. Energized by the radiating force, he grabbed Dean's hips and plunged his log deep into the spit-drenched ass.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHH!!" Dean figured for sure he'd been rear-ended by a charging rhino when Luke's horn gored him and blasted a path to his belly. He had to grit his teeth as Luke's thick cock mercilessly stretched his ass and sent painful shockwaves exploding about his rim. If this wasn't cruel and unusual punishment, then *nothing* was! But, damn, he wanted more!

On each thrust Luke's 11-inch piston slid into Dean's slick cylinder all the way to the hilt, mashing his balls against Dean's own low-hanging bull nuts, before starting its upward stroke. Long, fast strokes in and out they were, each one pulling the skin over Luke's cock tight as a drum. Logger-fucking strokes.

Pouring everything he had into his logger-fucking, Luke's tensed body was like a relief map of the Rocky Mountains. Muscles flexed and writhed under his skin while river-like veins throbbed with rushing blood. His broad back was rippling like two pythons fighting in a sack, helmet-capped shoulders bunched and expanded, massive pectorals bulged with the exertion, abdominals were turned into peaks and ravines with each outward breath, while his legs were pumped thick as tree trunks.

In less time than it takes to fell a small Redwood, Luke felt an invisible hand tightened around his sac. It wouldn't be long now. His balls were screaming for immediate relief, while his prick seemed determined to force a wide tunnel up Dean's tight ass and find a place to deposit the heavy load come hell or high water. The pressure was increasing so much that the veins in his shaft were a network of scrambled blood vessels, bloating his swollen cock with more fresh blood until the whole column gleamed a bright red.

It's about time to yell "Timber!" decided Luke. The pleasure-pain surging in his cock was becoming too intense, even for him, and he was damned if he was going to lose control of his prick. Using Dean's hips for more leverage, Luke yanked Dean's ass onto his steaming fuckpole, ramming it right up to his aching nuts.

The fourth time Dean's ass-cheeks mashed Luke's balls, boiling cum surged from the bulging sac, blazing a path from Luke's balls to his pisshole inside the length of his battering ram, and blasted out into Dean's guts, where it stuck heavy and warm to his insides.

Boom! Another wad shot out of Luke's long-barrelled cannon. Dean winced at the rough assault, yet grunted with satisfaction at the same time. It was like somebody had whacked his ass raw with a paddle and was now sticking a cattle prod up his hole — which really wasn't too far from the truth.

Three more explosions went off in Luke's balls before the invisible hand finally let go squeezing his nuts and strangling his Ponderosa Prick. He slumped forward onto Dean, breathing

heavily and tingling with an onrush of tiny muscle spasms, glad to be able to rest. His balls hung empty in their sac and, for the first time since sun-up, his cock was totally limp. It slipped out of Dean's ass, sticky and glistening, and dangled carelessly in the warm Washington night air. The knobhead was covered in its protective sheath, the shaft was no longer distended, red and angry-looking. Limp as it was, though, it still looked awesome and deadly.

A long, low groan from Dean roused Luke from his well-deserved rest. Shaking the cobwebs from his head he groggily stood up and slapped Dean across the butt. "Get up, asshole."

Dean struggled to his feet. "Please, Sir, no more today," he whimpered. "I hurt all over. I don't think my ass can take any more."

Shit! Luke grabbed Dean's tender pink nipples and twisted, sending Dean instantly to his knees. "I'll take you any time I fucking want, asshole. And I'll do anything I fucking want. To you, and to your ass! Do you hear? Is that understood?"

Clenching his jaws against the pain, Dean could barely whisper, "Yes, Sir!"

A high-pitched whistle blew down at the river just before Dean thought he was going to pass out. The boat had arrived to take them back upstream to the logging camp.

Luke released Dean's tits and stepped back. "Get dressed, then get your gear and ass down to that boat, I'll be there in a minute." Watching the man-stud disappear into the forest, he grunted to himself, "Hell, I'm just breaking you in, asshole."

Turning to the tangle of fallen trees, he surveyed his day's handiwork and smiled. "Shit, that's one hell of a lot of timber."

Feeling a stirring in his loins, Luke looked down and saw his cock rising thick and hard again. "Even you're impressed, huh?" he asked, talking to his prick like he expected it to answer back.

He laughed and started pulling on his pants. "You should be fucking impressed. You're working with the best fucking logger in this part of the fucking country. Now, come on, let's go. That boat won't stick around forever. I'm ready for a good hot shower, some good hot food, and plenty of good hot ass. And not necessarily in that order."

## In San Francisco

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# "I WAS WINDOW SHO

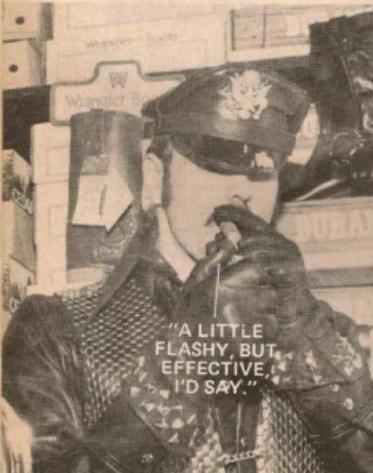
MALEHIDE LEATHERS is an institution, a state of mind and is at the exact center of the leather community in Chicago, give or take a block or two. It is in the same building as the infamous Gold Coast, which should tell you something. The upstairs (ground level) is respectable enough with rows and rows of leather items that most guys would give their left nut for. DRUMMER is prominently displayed, naturally, and there are boots and western shirts and levis and ever so many exciting things. But wait until you haul your ass down those forbidden steps to the Leather Cell. Your pecker rises in your

jeans and your heart skips pitty-pat as your eyes become accustomed to the dimmer light. There is leather and there is leather and steel and leather and rubber until your fertile little mind begins to run away with you.

The center of the downstairs is a jail cell, some say it was the real thing, that all the fun items are displayed in. In the back of your mind you can picture a conquest from your past incarcerated in it. You mentally undress him and put on each of the items in the display on his hot, trembling body.

Or perhaps if your mind works another way, you picture

**With time on your hands and lust on your mind, what be**





# PPING IN CHICAGO...

yourself in that immovable cage, chained, stripped, on display for the dozens or hundreds of guys that pass it each evening from the raw brick bowels of the Gold Coast basement. A tall young man, stripped to the waist, with a gold ring through his left tit, standing behind a counter. Displays of poppers, cock rings, T-shirts with messages, more DRUMMERS and some items that will require explanation as well as instructions.

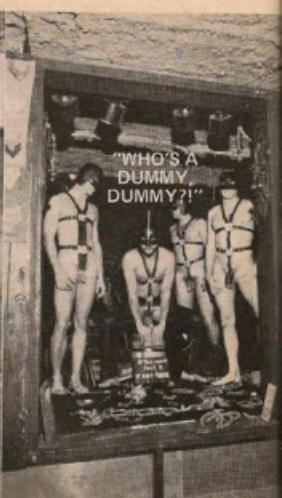
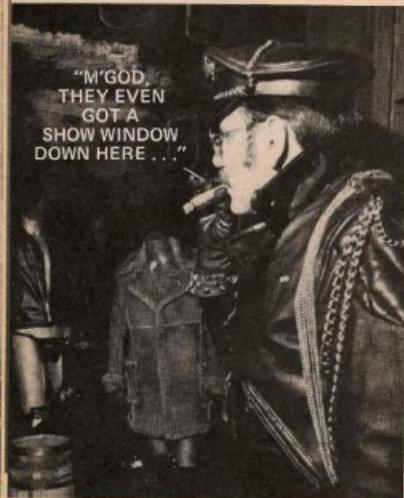
There is a graffiti board with one particularly memorable message: "Fat, fem, flabby fag wanted. No one with personality or good body need apply. Call ——." Gives you some

idea of the other messages behind the glass.

The night we were at Malehide's Leather Cell was during the Gold Coast's Mr. International Leather contest and every square inch was packed. We had just seen the Malehide leather show which prefaced the contest and an exciting presentation it was. Most fashion shows are a bore but this one had models that were worthy of being in the contest, in all sorts of attitudes and stages of dress and undress. There were many unusual and exciting concepts in leather attire as well. It was erotic and it was an education in what could be done with

ter place to while away the hours than Chicago's Malehide



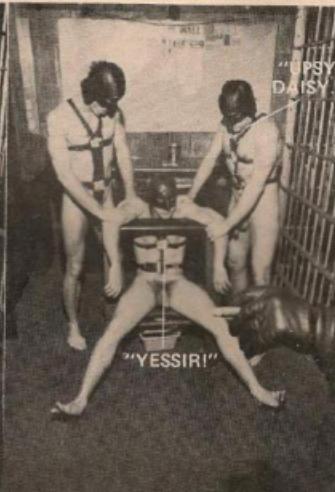


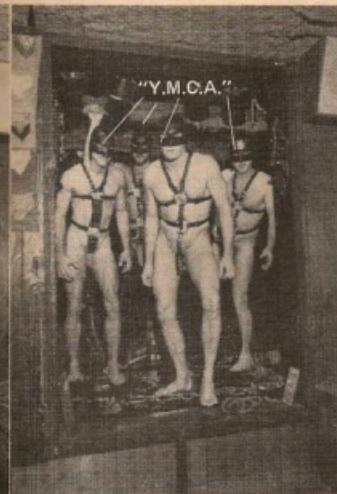
cowhide and male hide.

I stood talking with the director of the Quarters from San Francisco, who had his personal slave at hand — stripped to the waist, in harness with his arms behind his back. Respectful. Men from all over the country came up to say hello and comment on the contest, the magazine, the slave and/or the Leather Cell. As with almost any group of men on the prowl, everyone was moving so all one had to do was stay in one place to have the whole world pass on review. I noticed the

reaction of many of them to the Cell and its contents. One young buck stood looking into the bars, holding his beer with one hand and a bar with the other. He wore only tight-fitting leather pants, boots and a wide collar fastened around his neck. He stood watching the men go by, waiting for someone to come along, fasten a leash to the ring on his collar and lead him off to a similar, if more private setting. I looked away and when I later looked back, he was gone. Perhaps someone had done just that and was making his fantasy come true. I cer-

## Leathers. Exotic Adventure, Erotic Intrigue, Lust, and S-





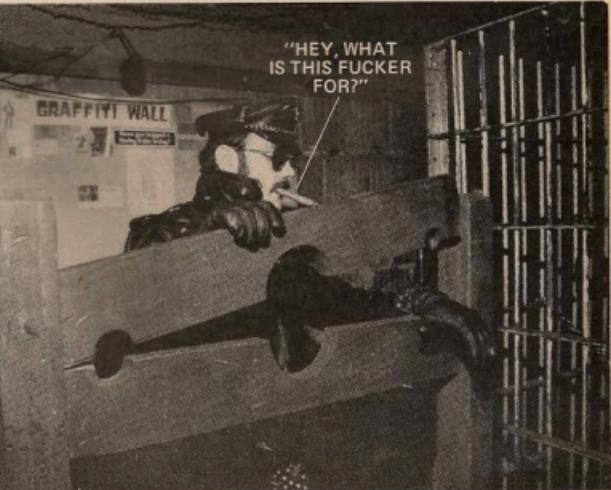
tainly hope so.

The young fellow behind the counter had been joined by one of the principals in Malehide and both were busy taking care of a very brisk business. There was friendly bantor and much measuring of chests and waists and inseams. I don't know if the establishment does the piercing that accompanies the sale of their tit and ear jewelry, but I was hoping so. Maybe the buyer brings his intended in at a quieter moment for the fitting.

The services and the merchandise of the joint seem beyond what mere money can provide. It would appear to be a labor of love. It reflects in the reactions of the customers to the attitudes of the Malehide people. The DRUMMER staff found them to be perfect hosts and a vital part of the Chicago leather scene.

Someday we are going to go back to the Malehide Leather Cell all alone and just go bugfuck with all those wonderful things in that mind-boggling space.

# me very Hot Leatherman . . . . What better place indeed.

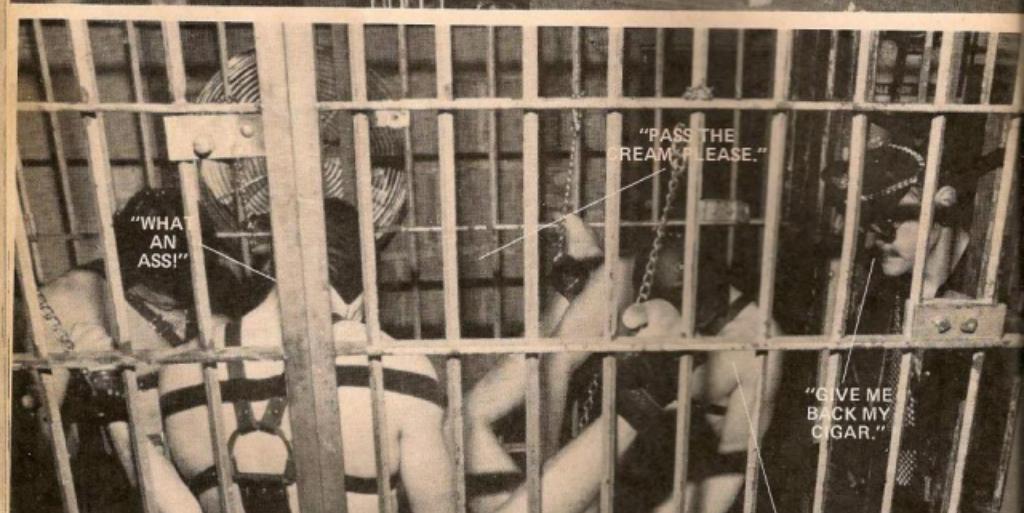




"IT'S FOR THIS  
FUCKER, SIR!"

"YESSIR."

"I'LL SHOW  
YOU WHAT  
THIS FUCKER  
IS FOR."



"WHAT  
AN  
ASS!"

"PASS THE  
CREAM, PLEASE."

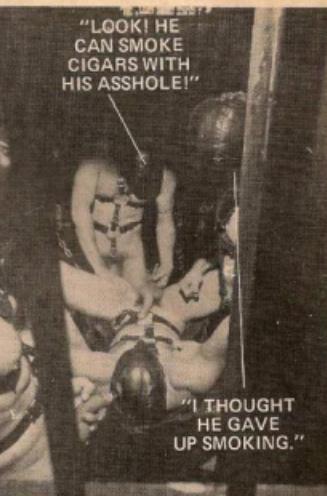
"GIVE ME  
BACK MY  
CIGAR."



"MORE!  
MORE!  
MORE!"

"THINK OF  
SOMETHING  
TO PUT IN  
HERE."

"I GET THE  
WHITE MEAT."



*The foregoing was a fantasy, of course, gentle reader. After all, you know how the camera lies. However, should you be in Chicago and happen in at Malehide Leathers, the writer wants to go on record here and now that he cannot be responsible if you are accosted by any of their manikins.*

*If you are accosted by the sales help, that is also your problem. We found them to be very accommodating. After all, spending the entire day, every day, with the heady smell of leather all around you, and in those surroundings — what is a red-blooded American boy to do?*

*This is not an advertisement for Malehide by any means. These things probably happen in leather shops all around the country. We just happened to be in Chicago while it was happening there.*

*Maybe we should get the camera fixed.  
Maybe not.*

ROBERT PAYNE

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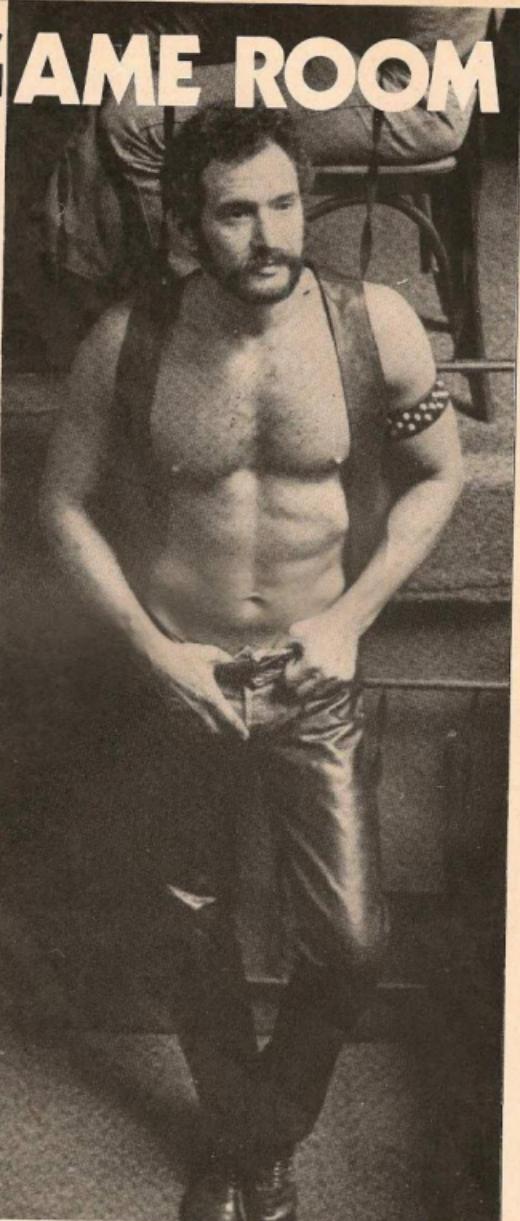
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AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE

AUG 31 1980

EXPIRATION DATE



# MISTER BENSON

conclusion

**JACK PRESCOTT**

A growing sense of anxiety came over me as the boys cleaned us off after our bath. We had assumed that Rick was to be tested. But, I wondered. The testing had been done. There was something else going on. I looked over at his ruggedly handsome face and wonderfully strong body. The face, beautiful though it may have been, was much older than these other boys', or my own for that matter. Rick was definitely a man's man in appearance. His size and stature made him tower over the rest of us. What did Abdul have in mind?

The blond boys remained silent, still. When we were dried, I expected them to give us a loin cloth like their own. But, no, they motioned for us to follow them back into the main room where Abdul waited, an evil smile again on his face. We were so concerned with him that it took us a moment to see the contraption that had been brought in in our absence.

There, stretched before Abdul, was the dildo equipment that the blond cell mate had warned us about. There were a dozen protruding prongs, each larger than the preceding. They started with a size that seemed almost within the range of reason, but then, quickly increased in size till the last one, which had to be beyond human endurance. I stared at the torture devices.

"You are intrigued?" Abdul asked.

"No, sir."

"You will be — soon." He motioned for the Nubians to come forward out of the shadows and away from Rocco, still pinned on the leather couch. "The little one goes first."

They grabbed me, I flashed on struggling, but there was no



illustration by Brick

use. One forced me to bend over while the other took a handful of some kind of grease and wiped it up and down my ass. He took more and coated the first three dildos.

"Start," ordered Abdul.

I went over to the first one and bent. It was knee height. I squatted onto it and felt the wooden handle going up against my sphincter. I breathed deeply and got it past the first ring of tight muscles. The height between the top and the base was only about a foot. It slid in fairly easily. Oh, thank God for Mr. Benson's training!

I pulled up and waited. Abdul simply pointed to the next dildo. Again I squatted down and let the phallus rest against my asshole, concentrating to try to relax the tight muscles. Again, it slid through, but this time with a sharp burst of pain when I had gotten down to the base. "Stay there until Mr. Rhinestone Cowboy tests himself on the first." He turned away from me and towards Rick. "Your friend, no matter how well he is trained, will begin to feel great pain. He will not be allowed to stand until you have impaled yourself on the first prong. Do it!"

Rick looked at the dildo. He went over and went through the humiliating motions of having the Nubians grease him up. The stretching inside me did start to hurt. He went over to the nearby spike and tried to copy my moves. His mouth opened in obvious pain as the polished wood disappeared inside him. Sweat rolled down his sides; his breathing was deep. But he did it. We both looked to Abdul. "The next one."

I had to go through the first four dildos that first time. Somehow Rick made it to the third. His groans had become audible as the wide part pushed apart his ass. I, myself, was sweating profusely now. The pressure made it feel as though my gut would burst. But, there was some kind of victory in our accomplishment. I wondered if Rick was thinking of Mr. Benson during this time? Did it help him to remember the master as it helped me?

We both stood, our chests bellowing for air. "You are both surprisingly good," said Abdul. "You," he pointed to me, "are going to make an excellent slave. I can now see you squatting on the cocks of tribesmen with great ease, giving them great pleasure."

He turned to Rick, the smile increased in its ominous character. "It is unfortunate that you will not be able to give them the same pleasure."

Rick was puzzled. "What do you mean? I did it, didn't I, sir? I passed the test."

"But, the test really wasn't for you. Your part in it was simply for my pleasure. You have no idea what great satisfaction it gave me to see the well known symbol of American manhood fitting an Arab dildo up his fine ass. No, my friend, it is not in the will of Allah for you to be a sex slave. There are more important tasks for a man of your size to perform."

"Sir?" Rick asked.

Every sheik must have a well-guarded harem. It must be staffed by the most powerful and skilled and forceful — he paused as he cleared a finger nail with his fruit knife, "eunuchs." The face raised up to smile directly at Rick.

We were stunned by the news. Rick went pale with fear. How could he get to Mr. Benson? He said he had a way. Was there time?

The Nubians came up quickly and grabbed Rick's arms. Handcuffs were attached and ankle chains clamped before either of us knew what to do. They held the bound model in their grip as Abdul came down off his pillowed podium. He walked up to Rick and cheerfully grabbed hold of those beautiful fizz covered orbs of his. He let them rest in his palm, he carefully and slowly lifted them, then rotated them in his hand.

"What would America think of this, huh?" The smile on Abdul's face was sickening in its pleasure. He took out the fruit knife that he had had in his hand. It had a curved Syrian blade. He put it down to Rick's balls and scraped the surface. The blade was so sharp it took off some of the incredibly fine yellow hair. He transferred the golden testicles from his palm to the dull outside of the blade. "If I were to simply turn this blade over, my dear friend, you would lose your most prized possession. How do you feel?"

Sweat was pouring down Rick's face and into his moustache. The liquid oozed from his pores and ran down the side

of his muscled stomach in streams. "Please, sir," he whispered. "I'll do anything, sir. Please." He could barely be heard.

"But you would do anything, any how. Don't you know that you have abandoned all hope?"

Suddenly he stepped away. I gasped. Did he? I looked at Rick's balls, pulled up by the tension and the freight, but still attached to his body. "Do not worry, yet. I would not risk such a valuable investment with a kitchen knife. There will be a doctor who will be happy to have the honor of removing the testicles of this asshole. And he will probably eat them for dinner. In front of you. He is," that smile again, "very kinky. But later."

The situation was becoming hopeless. Rick without balls: John Wayne without balls was as likely. Had he signalled Mr. Benson, yet? We were taken off to the corner where Rocco was stretched out. They threw Rick down on the floor. I collapsed on top of him, holding my arms around his huge chest, rubbing my face into that gorgeous body hair. "Oh, Rick, it'll be okay. I'm sure Mr. Benson will get here in time." "I certainly hope so, Jesus, my balls!"

"Rick," I whispered, "have you called him yet?"

"Yes," Rick answered, "I just hope he finds us with half the U.S. Cavalry alongside of him."

I looked over to Rocco's worried eyes. There was nothing any of us could do but wait.

An hour later, Abdul reappeared. "The two of them, bring them in for a viewing. We have customers, gentlemen."

Another mystery. What was this to be about? The Nubians chained me and loosened the ankle restraints on Rick. We followed them out and down the corridor. There was still no indication of where we were. We were led into still another room. It was more of a hall, with high ceilings and rugs hanging down from the walls. The three blond slave boys stood behind Abdul who was caressing one of their asses. His back was to the far wall. At angle to him sat about two dozen Arabs, all in traditional dress, all sitting on the same large kind of pillows. Along the far wall, now directly in front of us, were the blonds from downstairs. All of them were naked and chained. I suddenly realized that this was the slave auction.

At a nod from Abdul, the first young man was led up onto the podium, a stage like affair, by Hans. His hands were attached by cuffs behind his back. "And this, gentlemen, is one of the very fine specimens we have. As you have requested, this entire shipment is fair haired. They will give you great pleasure in your palaces and tents." The men on the pillows nodded, a few made remarks to one another as the first boy was turned around, his fine melon ass was displayed. He was forced to bend over and spread his legs to reveal his asshole. Hans stuck the handle of the marker he held in his hand right up the guy's butt.

"All of this shipment has been trained for your convenience. All their love holes have been stretched to spare you any discomfort." An appreciative noise came up from the audience. I couldn't see any of their faces underneath the volumines of their headgear. Who would they be? How did they get here? Where would they take us? Where was Mr. Benson?

Each of the men in front of us was put through the same humiliation. Only one dared to resist at all. His strange sounding Brooklyn accented voice demanded his constitutional rights. He claimed to be the free born son of a Norwegian immigrant to this country. No one could take him away. The crowd laughed uproariously. They found it amusing. Hans found it very unamusing and beat the boy repeatedly with his stick until he quelled the flow of words and produced a silence of sobs and a rush of marks on the young man's back. "An unfortunate malcontent, gentlemen. He will be kept here and be given special training."

"Gentlemen," piped up Abdul, "You may want to put in a special bid for this one. 'Special training' means that he will experience a number of weeks in my household. After which even the most tiresome slave becomes docile and loving. Let me show you." Abdul snapped his fingers and one of the three boys beside him went down on his knees and parted the long robe to reveal Abdul's heralded cock. He quickly sucked on it, soon producing the famous hard on. Another snap of the fingers and a second boy came round, whipped off his loin cloth and with unbelievable speed sat straight down on the huge member, pumping away at the dick that the others had given up their freedom for.

"These two once tried to escape. They even dared to raise a

hand to their master. Now," a hand went out and grabbed hard at the first boy's ballsac, twisting it with such obvious force that great pain must have resulted, but only a slight grimace appeared on his face, "now they do my bidding with the greatest of ease."

Another appreciative murmur went through the audience. If those had been delinquent slaves, then obviously Abdul knew his business. I doubted at that moment if even I could have performed that way for Mr. Benson.

The crowd was enraptured by the scene of Abdul's fine cock as it kept disappearing into the blond ass, and the face of the other boy as Abdul continued his slow, hard torture. "Go on," he ordered Hans, obviously aware that his performance was turning on the audience and making it probable that an even better sale would be made.

"Gentlemen, the boys you have just seen will be sold at auction today. Their arrival in the Middle East is guaranteed. Now, we have two special specimens for your approval."

Suddenly, the Nubians gathered up my arms and were dragging me to the stage. I was there staring down at the crowd, shivering with the large room's draft and my own fear. "This, is one of the very special products of this country, sirs, something that few places besides my own beloved Germany can offer. The masochist slave. This one gentleman, is for your very special enjoyment. For those of you who can appreciate the sight of a bright red welt growing on a young, rounded ass. I can attest myself to his willingness and enjoyment at being mishandled and hurt." His hand came out and twisted cruelly at my tit. It played with that oh-so-sensitive part of my body so carefully trained by Mr. Benson. In spite of the cold and the fear and the eyes of the on-lookers, my cock started to rise at the sensation. I blushed as the audience reacted to me as though I were some kind of freak.

"Unfortunately," Hans continued when he had made his point, "some unknown person has misused this fine piece of property." He swiveled me around to show the marks on my back, still there from the other night's beating. "But, I assure you they will disappear. Until, that is, you choose to repeat them." Another sound from the audience.

"And, last, gentlemen, we offer you another specialty. Sirs, one of America's most famous faces."

Rick was half-carried, half-led up the stairs to join me. His face was full of the embarrassment that Hans was purposely laying on him. "This specimen," the loudest noise yet went up as the men apparently recognized Rick's well-photographed face, "will be delivered to you as an eunuch." The first truly loud sound came from the audience.

Hans tugged hard on Rick's balls and stretched them painfully to their forward limit. "These, the sorry excuse for America's masculine symbol, will be expertly and carefully severed from the body. You may give your harem a gift of infinite beauty, and infinite safety."

Spontaneous applause went up from the pillows as though it were a fashion show where the top of the line was being modeled, not a man's manhood!

Abdul had stopped his display and wrapped his garment back around himself. "And so, the auction. Each of the men has been given a number, you must each bid in order."

I felt tremendous defeat as the bidding began. It seemed too unreal to be in New York City and being sold to Arab potentates at auction. And Rick's balls! And where was Mr. Benson? Could he ever save us from this?

"Okay, that's enough. You're under arrest. Hands in the air."

A shocked sound went through the assembly as four of the Arab men suddenly stood and pulled heavy machine guns out from under their robes. I knew the voice! Brendan!

The buyers had all stood in a panic and thrown their hands in the air. Strange languages shouted out in cries that sounded like mercy. Abdul bolted upright and leapt onto the stage with his fruit knife in his hand. The closest of the four men had seen him start and raced up to jump in front of him before he could reach us. The two men crouched and began to circle one another. "Jamie, get Rick off the stage," Mr. Benson!

I pushed/shoved/carried Rick down the steps as we watched the spectacle before us. "The rest of you stay still!" Brendan commanded. Their hands were still in the air. The other two men came over and disarmed the Nubians while Hans stood shock still at the rear of the stage.

As the two combatants circled, Mr. Benson carefully threw

off the outer layers of the confining Arab costume. Abdul thought he had Mr. Benson off-guard and swiped at him with the super sharp knife. Mr. Benson jumped back just in time and used the wasted motion to toss off the last of the clothes above his waist. His magnificent body shone in the light as the sweat glistened on his body hair.

"Put down the knife, you idiot," he ordered.

Abdul answered with another sortie at Mr. Benson's mid-section. I gasped as it came too close for my comfort to opening up his beloved stomach. But, this time freed of the clothing, Mr. Benson never let Abdul recover. He followed through with a sharp karate cut on the back of the Turk's neck and sent him sprawling onto the floor. He stood, breathing deeply and turned to face the audience. He nodded to Brendan who began spouting off the *Miranda* code.

I raced to meet Mr. Benson halfway as he strode over to me. I grabbed him by the waist and buried my face in his chest, tears of relief spread down my cheeks. "Oh, Mr. Benson, I'm so glad to see you."

"What the hell are you doing here?" He didn't respond to me, but rested his fists on his waist. Through my tears I told him the story — it must have sounded incoherent that time — about the sadist who had beaten me, about the gangster who had warmed me, about Rick and Hans and Abdul. "You silly ass, I'll deal with you later," was his only response.

He went over and found the quaking Hans still against the wall at the rear of the stage. "You traitor," Mr. Benson spat. "How could you have done this to the Topmen? Do you know what kind of bad publicity this is going to mean? And the worst part is Jersey City! Did you have to do it in Jersey City? Do you know what the media is going to do with a story about a slave ring selling blond boys to Arabs in *Jersey City*?" He screamed at Hans so loudly his face went red and the veins stood out on his neck. Then he was quieter and started to nod his head back and forth, "Jesus Christ. No class at all."

The three men down on the floor were rounding up the suspects and handcuffing them all. Brendan had produced a walkie-talkie and was barking orders into it, obviously demanding reinforcements.

In a matter of a few minutes, the place was swarming with

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blue-coated police, pushing and shoving the Arabs. Brendan came up on the stage, relieved of his duties. "You won't believe this, Mr. Benson, but probably all of those guys are going to go free."

"What for?" Mr. Benson asked indignantly.

"They're almost all covered by diplomatic immunity. If they're not at the U.N. or Washington, they're members of a royal family. Sheet, at least we got these characters, and the good name of the Topmen back."

"But, the publicity. Can't you just see the headlines now, millionaire's club caught selling slaves in Jersey City."

"No sweat, Mr. Benson. They'll never read a word of this in the newspapers."

"How are you going to arrange that?" Mr. Benson challenged.

"I won't have to," answered Brendan. "Those boys we just arrested already own half the newspapers in the country, they'll just buy whatever else they need to keep it quiet. It's very important to their national image that slavery not be mentioned. They and their friends will see that their image is left intact."

"Well, that's relief," said Mr. Benson. "It would have killed me. I don't know if the slavery's so bad, but," he repeated in a disbelieving low voice. "But, Jersey City!"

\*\*\*\*\*

A couple hours later, Abdul and Hans were safely locked away in a Jersey City cell and Rick, Mr. Benson and I were in the penthouse on Fifth Avenue.

I never dreamed I would be so happy to see the place. I stripped as soon as we got in and dropped down on one of Mr. Benson's familiar boots, desperately pleased to be home.

I was licking away at the leather when his voice boomed out, "I'm waiting for a reason as to why you were there."

"Mr. Benson, sir, Rocco had said, well he had said you had taken Rick for your slave and kicked me out and that's why I thought you had given me the money, and so, I was really

unhappy and I met this man and he beat me badly, and then Rocco and I got drunk and we ran into Hans."

"Why didn't you stay in a hotel?"

"Well, you never actually told me to stay away from Rocco, sir."

"What a mess," he sighed.

"And you, why didn't you tell me as soon as Jamie was there?" He had turned on a very nervous Rick.

"Mr. Benson, I thought you'd want me to go through with it. I didn't think he'd be in any trouble."

"Well, he's safe, but it was an asshole thing to do. The one who's probably in real trouble is Rocco. I bet Brendan beats him bloody." He changed the subject suddenly, "Jamie, get me a drink."

I scurried up and went to the liquor closet and poured his Black Label Scotch. "You and Rick, too, I suppose you could both use one about now."

I was thankful for the offer. Rick came over and helped himself. He followed me back over to where Mr. Benson sat in his favorite chair. I handed Mr. Benson his drink and sank thankfully onto the floor by my master's feet.

Home at last!

I sipped on the liquor and looked up at Mr. Benson. He was deep in thought. "I'm relieved, Rick, that you caught the guys. Any trouble with the alarm?"

"No," Rick blushed scarlet. "Actually, Abdul set it off."

"Home at last!" Rick told the story of the pegs we had been forced to squat on. Mr. Benson laughed, as I did when I realized that the alarm had been implanted deep inside Rick's asshole and that the wooden peg had touched it on the last and biggest dildo.

Rick and I started to tell Mr. Benson all about the ring. "Did you ever suspect Abdul?"

"No, I never did," Rick answered Mr. Benson's question. "He's always had a lot of money and I knew he was gay. But he makes so much modeling, it never dawned on me that he would need to do something like this on top of the pictures."

"Must have been very greedy," replied Mr. Benson.

"Rick, why aren't you sitting down?" Mr. Benson's tone of voice had changed from the conversational level he had been using. There was an edge to his voice now, almost challenging.

Rick blushed again. He sputtered a bit and finally said, "I'm not sure any more where I should sit."

"Why not try the floor?" Mr. Benson looked directly at him.

"Yes, sir," Rick answered and sank to the ground, his eyes not returning either of our looks.

"Now, doesn't that feel better?" Mr. Benson was using his training voice.

From his kneeling position, Rick answered, "Yes, sir."

Mr. Benson was looking very thoughtful and I was feeling very nervous. The make-believe slave Rick had threatened me enough, I didn't need to deal with the real slave Rick, not in my own home. How could I say anything to Mr. Benson while he was still angry about my going out and being captured?

He suddenly smiled and reached out a hand to pat my head. It felt so good to see his face like that and to feel his hand on my body in that quiet, gentle way that I just sort of collapsed against him and rubbed my head against his knee.

"Well, the whole reason I got into this adventure was to save slaves from evil masters. I guess the least I can do now is find a good slave a good master." He stood up and went to the phone. I could tell that Rick was straining as hard as I was to hear what he said, but his voice was so low we didn't catch a single word.

When he had hung up the phone, he returned to us. He assumed his top role with a firm, "Get out of those clothes, asshole," at Rick. I watched as once again that beautiful blond body was stripped of its covering and the fuzzy ass once again went up in the air while his head went to Mr. Benson's feet.

"Jamie, we're going to have company. Lots of it. I want you at your best. You must need a shave. Do it! You!" he looked down at Rick, "Shower in Jamie's room and get yourself ready. You think you've discovered a new you. You've just begun. There's a much more real adventure coming your way this night."

Rick and I ran madly around trying to prepare for this surprise mystery evening. I was interested in the excited way he greeted the sudden commands. I mentioned it to him. He

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replied, "Jamie, ever since that first night here, when you and Mr. Benson showed me the ropes, I've been thinking about it." He paused as he dried himself off with a towel. The beautiful nakedness turned even me on; I was remembering fucking that ass! "And I'm tired of thinking about it. You know, I'm this famous model, right? And all these people want me. Most of them want me to fuck them, given my image and everything. But, nothing has ever seemed as natural to me as the night Mr. Benson had me down on the floor, fucking the ass of mine he had just beaten. I might as well admit who and what I am, Jamie."

I understood perfectly.

Within an hour, Rick and I were naked and standing in front of Mr. Benson, our clean bodies pink with scrubbing and our faces bright with anticipation. Mr. Benson was obviously fixing Rick up — he was excited by the prospect of a man, and I was delighted with the prospect of getting rid of him. I liked him well enough, mind you, but it was definitely time for him to go.

Mr. Benson motioned me over to him and put an arm around my waist, cupping one of my clean shaven ass cheeks. "Feel good, boy?"

"Yes, sir!" I nearly yelled an answer and then I threw my arms around his neck and pressed my body against his warmth. "Oh, Mr. Benson, I'm so glad to be back with you."

"Enough, enough!" His gruff voice protested the intimacy very unconvincingly. I had been thinking about the danger he had put himself through for me, and the lengths he had gone to protect me with the whole masquerade of Rick's initiation. "There is a point in all this, Jamie, where I am very, very disappointed in you."

"Sir?" I was crestfallen.

"Jamie, you didn't trust me. You questioned my actions and motivations. That is behavior very unbecoming a slave."

I hung my head in shame. All he had done for me, but he was right when he pointed out what I had not done for him. "I'm sorry, sir."

"Before the others get here, Jamie, I want to know if you are going to give up this foolish and destructive questioning from now on. Will you trust me for the rest of our time together?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" I meant it, too!

He looked at me long and hard. "You had better, Jamie. I've put a lot of work into you and your training. I want no more foolishness, understand?"

"Yes, sir!"

He turned, "And you, Rick. Are you finished with these silly games you've been playing about being top, bottom, around or whatever? Are you serious about knowing what you want now?"

Rick was embarrassed and looked down. "Yes, Mr. Benson. I'm finished with the make believe. I know who I am. I'm willing to live up to it and try to make good at it."

"If you have any sense at all, you're going to go through what I've set up for you tonight. No questions now. Just trust me and follow your orders. One thing you've got to learn is that sometimes you just have to let the top take control."

"Yes, sir."

The door bell rang. "Get it, Jamie."

I ran over to the door and opened it to find the always handsome Brendan standing there in that wonderful Topmen uniform. Behind him stood the not so handsome or happy looking Rocco. They stepped in and Rick and Rocco and I went through the greetings, kissing the feet of the tops. Brendan was obviously in a foul mood.

"Do you believe the danger these assholes put themselves in? Absolute idiocy. Drinking." He spat, looking at a terrified Rocco. "This one is going to end up with his ass in a sling for a good month. Luckily Roots is being re-run next week." Rocco shook with fear. "It'll give me plenty of fodder to work with. At least by the time I'm finished with him, he'll be done with this fantasy of not 'really' being a bottom, just play acting for me. If he can stick it out he's going to be beaten into ten different kinds of submissiveness." Brendan's nostrils flared.

"Now, Brendan," Mr. Benson began. "The boys were only being stupid, they meant well."

"Dame stupid," shot back Brendan. "It just pisses me off to have to deal with this one's idiocy, Mr. Benson." He looked at Rocco again, "Idiot," he screamed.

Rocco, Rick and I all jumped at the yell. Poor Rocco

looked as though he had already received a less than friendly welcome home, his ass was covered with even more welts than the Nubians had given him. A tear started from his eye, he went over to Brendan and got on his knees and wrapped himself around Brendan's legs. "Please, please forgive me, sir. I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

Brendan smiled a play acting stereotypic smile at Mr. Benson, "Nothin' does my heart as much good as a honky slave at his Black master's feet." He had to give up the hard time and reached down and patted Rocco's head. "It really is difficult to keep a slave sometimes, Mr. Benson."

"Well, Brendan, with Rick here, it looks like we won't be the only ones to know about it."

Brendan smiled at the beautiful model who had been trying to keep in the background. "It sure is funny how long it takes some of these bottoms to come out of their closets, isn't it?" The two tops laughed a private joke to one another.

The doorbell rang again, I started to go to answer it, Mr. Benson stopped me, "I'll get that. You, get over with Rick and sit in the corner. I want no noise from you two."

"You, too," Brendan said to Rocco.

The three of us went over to the corner. Mr. Benson had pointed out and sat, expectantly. What was Rick's fate to be? Mr. Benson opened the door and in walked Rank and Sal, the hunky lovers who were both Topmen. They were still dressed for the construction job they worked together. Dusty clothes and roughly worn boots and construction helmets! All streaked with hard-working sweat that had left riverlets of dirt tracked down their pumped up arms and had matted the thick chest hair that came out over the top of their sweatshirts.

"What's the rush, Mr. Benson? Brendan called us." Frank recognized the man whose name he had just mentioned, "Oh, hi, Brendan." He and Sal flashed matching white toothed smiles at the policeman, "Well, Brendan said you wanted us to come over right away. We didn't even have time to change." He was voicing the obvious.

Rocco and I exchanged knowing glances at one another. Them! Was Rick ready for this? I remembered the night that

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Mr. Benson had taken me to the clubhouse and had let all the Topmen use my body. They had been there and had stood over me, kissing one another while I was forced to suck first one's cock then the other one's. My own prick now rose in memory of the feeling of kneeling before the two men who would have to be considered the best looking of the Topmen, though I would never say that to Mr. Benson.

"Come have a drink and I'll explain." They, of course, wanted beer. I ran to the kitchen and brought back two cold cans. I found them eying Rick speculatively. They stared at him and then at one another. Their common looks had a twinkling in the eyes; they obviously appreciated him. Probably all the more since he was aware of their looks and was attractively blushing at the attention they were paying.

"Okay, you two. Now you know that all of us at the club have been worried. We don't know how you two get together. You're both so adamantly tops, that you can hardly be getting sex from one another . . ."

"That's not true, Mr. Benson. I mean, we make out together." Sal quietly said.

"What, beating off?" Mr. Benson was openly unimpressed. "As bad for two tops to beat one another off as for two bottoms to bump pussies," interjected Brendan. "You two got to resolve your relationship."

"We've tried almost everything," said Frank, admitting a problem.

"Yeah, once I even let this one fuck me," Sal added. Mr. Benson's eyebrows went up at the thought of one of his Topmen being fucked. But he decided to hold his peace.

"Look, I have the answer for you. One of your problems is that you're both too pretty. You can have any one you want. But, you hardly ever find anyone as attractive as the other one is." The couple nodded in agreement. I thought it must be a great dilemma for them. "Now, here," Mr. Benson finally acknowledged Rick to the company, "is someone as attractive as you guys. He wants to be a slave to someone. But if we send him out on the streets or fix him up with one of the other guys at the club, he'll feel the same way you two do — no one will satisfy him. Okay, the answer is obvious. He becomes your joint slave. Only the two of you put

together will be so attractive that he'll be able to have the proper attitude of a slave: only the pair of you will make him feel lucky enough to be your slave that he'll keep working to make you happy."

"Isn't that true, Rick, wouldn't it make you happy to be able to service these two humps every day?" Brendan asked the model. Rick barely heard him speak, he was staring so hard and had that special glazed look on his face. The two men who sat on the couch really were the image of manhood in America, not just the plastic representation that he and Abdul had stood in as. Their hairy, muscled bodies, the heavy filled crotch of their working pants, the thick curly hair, all of it combined with the smell of men at work to leave Rick with a growing crotch and the beginning of the need to please that Rocco and I now acknowledged to one another with a meaningful stare.

"Yes, sir, I would be glad to serve those masters, sir." Rick could hardly whisper the words. I smiled, knowing that in his mind there were images of himself impaled on Frank's cock while he sucked mightily on Sal's uncut dong.

All in all, I thought it was the happiest ending that could have come out of Mr. Benson and me. I was delighted with Rick's new life, and especially since it didn't include living with Mr. Benson. I was safe in the penthouse, kneeling at the feet of the master who had meant so much to me and who had rescued me from a life in the Mideast as an Arab slave. I cuddled up against Mr. Benson, thinking the night was over and that I could now get ready to sleep.

"Then that's settled," said Mr. Benson. "Now we have one more agenda, Jamie, over against the wall, stretch out your arms." His voice took a quick military turn. "Move," he yelled. I jumped up and went over to the wall, the scene of the horrendous torture sessions when Mr. Benson had trained my tits. I spread my arms. He had followed me and brought the restraints with him. In a few seconds, my arms and legs were stretched to their limits. The whole group had their eyes on me. I wasn't prepared for this. Was he going to pull a public scene on me? It seemed so inappropriate to the gathering. What was it?

"It seems that Jamie, even after weeks, months of training, still has some insecurities about his status around here. Enough so that a single rumor by a silly slave," Brendan and Mr. Benson both glared at Rocco, "Can send him into a panic. I'll have none of that."

"Part of my initial response was to beat him." He turned back to me and looked into my face. "But I realized that that wouldn't do the trick. What I needed was some way to show him that he's mine and that I mean to keep him. Something like another brand, which should have done the job but which obviously didn't."

"Jamie," he even addressed me now, "There's no ritual for a master and a slave that anyone else knows about. I mean, no way to tie the bond that a straight couple might have in marriage. But, I've decided to create one just for you."

I would have felt much more comfortable and much happier about this little speech if I hadn't been in the particular position I was in. I didn't expect a love soliloquy while spread-eagled against a brick wall. The glint of metal in Mr. Benson's hand didn't make me any more comfortable. At least, though, I didn't know what he was doing when he grabbed my tit and there was this sudden sense of pressure, and then a shrill, hard-edged wave of intense pain. I called out in agony at the sight of blood coming from my chest when Mr. Benson finally pulled away.

My tears couldn't stop the irrational questioning of what was he doing? Why? Had he gone mad? Through my tears I saw the smiles of the other men, they all looked so pleased. After Rocco and Rick and I had gone through so much, now they abandoned me to smile at this torture? I was hurt until I looked down again at the bleeding tit.

There, through the slowing flow of blood I saw a glint again, but too bright to be metal. I focused more and stopped the tears from shedding any more. Mr. Benson came over and gently wiped away the remaining blood. And there, underneath, was a gold bar cut through my nipple. On either end was a small, glittering diamond. I looked up in wonder at Mr. Benson.

"I guess we're hitched now, asshole," he said.

THE END

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AS DRUMMER BEGINS IT SIXTH EVENTFUL YEAR . . .

# THE DRUMMER STORY A candid INTERVIEW with what's-his-name, the publisher, who should know.

DRUMMER started out in its present form five years ago this month. The original issue had a very short press-run and only forty pages with almost no advertising. The presses that had been leased for its printing refused to cooperate and issue number one had to be farmed out to a competing print shop down the street. Its first editor was a woman and a straight one at that. Prior to this brave little attempt, it had been a newsletter to the Leather Fraternity and bore that name as part of its masthead. Issue number eight carried the first four-color cover. Then came an eight page center foldout poster and many new innovations that no one had ever tried before. Many attempts, such as Bike Club items didn't work but many others like a fiction bonus section, macho comics, original novels in serial form and an exploration in depth of kinkiness that gays prior to DRUMMER had usually refused openly to admit to, except in their most intimate circles. DRUMMER was to become a publication of *Liberation*, with a reputation of telling it like it is.

However, prior to becoming the "American Mag for the Macho Male," DRUMMER had taken several other forms: first an entertainment publication on slick paper, then an 8½ x 11 newsprint magazine to compete with the existing bar throwaways. After that it became a bar newspaper in tabloid form, which Los Angeles advertisers resisted as being too political. Upon preparing a fire-breathing attack on the L.A.P.D. following a particularly dexterous raid and series of arrests, and find-

ing that its victims were disinterested in either contesting the situation or supporting the fledgling newspaper, its publisher suspended it and went back into the advertising agency business.

However the Leather Fraternity that he had founded to keep him going while president of H.E.L.P., a gay legal-aid organization, kept growing, as did its newsletter. Finally in the spring of 1975, he quit a lucrative advertising business and leased a printing plant to put together another attempt at a newspaper to be called "Alternate." Instead a magazine called "Alternate" became DRUMMER and DRUMMER became one of the top ten Gay publications around the world.

There have been many changes in the DRUMMER format, its staff and organization and even its location. Now published and printed in San Francisco, it has become the cornerstone for three other publications that seek to rival its popularity and acceptance: *THE ALTERNATE*, *MACH* and *MALEBOX*. As this issue of DRUMMER marks the beginning of the company's sixth year, this seems as good a time as any to interview Alternate Publishing's head man, who started the whole thing. We have selected free lance Gregg Strom to question the seldom-interviewed, if outspoken, DRUMMER, publisher. From then on Mr. Strom was on his own.

## WHAT MADE YOU WANT TO BE A PUBLISHER?

Inborn, I guess. I can remember as a schoolboy putting out a four-pager in grammar school by the simple method of

drawing (in pencil, they didn't trust us with pen and ink yet) and typing each copy by hand. It was simple and direct and my friend Conrad and I would spend hours in the evening on the finished product, such as it was. That's all he and I did those evenings, unfortunately. But you're pretty young when you're in elementary school. Then Conrad got his little hands on a discarded hectograph, known as a Ditto gelatin roll that did an amazing thing: it made copies. I knew how Guttenberg must have felt!

I don't think very many people actually read our early efforts — at least I hope they didn't.

## WAS THAT YOUR ONLY PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE PRIOR TO DRUMMER?

No, there was the high school paper. I was only the art director, however. No one took me seriously as an editor. I do remember writing a couple of muckraking columns on the side that made the poor journalism teacher have to have the whole paper printed over on a couple occasions.

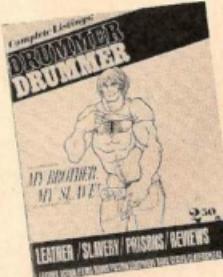
Years later I put together a version of TV Guide in Hawaii for a conglomerate that knew less about publishing than I did. They went down the tubes, so to speak, and the magazine went with them. I had gone back to advertising by then. But being in Hawaii is like sitting by the side of the road and watching the world go by, I used to receive the *Los Angeles Free Press* — which was very counterculture in those days — and along came *The Advocate*, I was corresponding occasionally with Larry Townsend of



The initial issue of DRUMMER was a far cry from its present form. Roughly the size of TV Guide, it was primarily entertainment oriented. Only three issues were attempted.



Newsprint version was Gay Liberation oriented and competed with bar giveaways. This issue was circulated at the final Groovy Guy contest and created problems with the Advocate that continued for years.



DRUMMER's first real issue in its present form had forty pages, a short press run and very little advertising. Today they are going with collectors for \$25-\$50.

*H.E.L.P., Inc.* (a gay legal-aid organization). There seemed to be so much exciting going on on the mainland that I came back.

I called Dick Michaels, the publisher of *The Advocate*, offering my services. It was rather like talking to oneself. I joined *H.E.L.P.*, ended up as president, and spent a couple years running the *H.E.L.P.* center when Larry left. What an experience that was.

Finally, someone came into my life and it necessitated my settling down, going back into advertising, kicking all the tenants out of my house and setting up housekeeping for the first real time in my life. It lasted a year and a half. When it ended I found the need to get very busy.

*The Advocate* had just sold to David Goodstein and some of the staff found themselves on the outside looking in. The editor, an assistant editor, the comptroller, two columnists and I all got together to form a newspaper to fill the void left in Los Angeles when Goodstein moved his operation to San Mateo. The new *Advocate* was nothing like the old *Advocate* which we felt was very much still needed.

This was an experiment doomed to democratic failure. Too much democracy, too many chiefs, no Indians. Every week we would get together, make decisions on a collective basis — then the next week we would all sit down and change all of those decisions. It was something I should have remembered from my days at *H.E.L.P.* — someone has to be in charge.

#### WHAT KIND OF DECISIONS?

Well, one person wanted it to be a weekly newspaper, something even *The Advocate* hasn't been able to manage. Someone else insisted it have a name like "The Herald Tribune" so it would sound like an establishment newspaper — which wouldn't really identify it to prospective gay readers. The group couldn't agree on much.

Finally, after a few weeks of non-decisions by committee, I moved into the offices and plant we had rented for the paper. Jeanne Barney, who had written a column for *The Advocate* came in as an editor and we put out the first issue of DRUMMER. The rest of the group put out a newspaper called *Newswest*.

#### WHAT HAPPENED TO *NEWSWEST*?

It folded. Later we began a monthly newsmagazine called *Dateline*.

#### AND WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

Again, too much democracy. One of our partners decided he wanted to separate *Dateline* from DRUMMER. We let him. He published the first issue, which we had worked on for about a month, put out a second but never printed it.

But beyond the lack of a single unifying leadership in either *Newswest* or *Dateline*, there was another important consideration: Money. To start a magazine you have to be fairly well capitalized. There are exceptions to the rule, namely the original *Advocate* and DRUMMER; but the difference is that Dick Michaels always ran in the black, as DRUMMER has — if narrowly — while projects like *Newswest*, *Dateline* and any number of other gay publications no

longer in print haven't. You can't just print one great issue of a magazine and expect to go on to building a publishing empire. You have to survive a good year of shelling out money for any number of things, staying on the press, waiting for your advertising and subscriptions to build until you're on steady ground.

#### HOW MUCH LATER DID YOU LEAVE LOS ANGELES FOR SAN FRANCISCO?

About two years. We had the fight in the courts over the Leather Fraternity's "Slave Auction Benefit" which took two years. After that was over I decided I had had enough of Chief Davis, and of Los Angeles for that matter. After all I had lived there for thirty years, San Francisco is one of those places you always wanted to live in but the opportunity never seemed to be right. With DRUMMER finally holding its own, I decided we could move it anywhere and survive.

#### WAS DRUMMER INVOLVED IN THE SLAVE AUCTION RAID?

No. Although I am sure that Davis would have liked to have pointed to our printing plant as a hotbed of pornography. The police tried to get our lease cancelled on the building using the Red Light Abatement ruling. Actually they knew that we were a printing and communication center for the Los Angeles gay community and tried to put us out of business by following our printing customers as they left. They followed our delivery trucks constantly, bugged our telephones to a point that you could hardly dial out. Finally, after breaking in at night through the skylight, they came in a half dozen strong one morning and raided the place.

#### WHAT HAPPENED?

It backfired badly in their faces. The Gay Community Services Center called the news media and in about fifteen minutes, four television stations, two radio stations and the City News Service descended on them. Everybody made a speech and the Vice Squad marched out with copies of rent receipts, water bills and the damnest assortment of nothing I have ever seen. A couple of months later I got a postcard saying that we could come and pick up our belongings. No explanation. Nothing.

#### WHAT WAS THE UPSHOT OF THE SLAVE AUCTION?

Davis brought such pressure on the District Attorney that he had to prosecute somebody, so he picked four of the forty persons arrested. The City Attorney, had a lot more balls, refused to touch any of the cases. Finally after two years of court appearances, the judge gave us each the choice of ten days or eighty hours of community work. I contributed my efforts to the ACLU and continued with them for some time after. Chief Davis had blown about \$200,000 in the raid and preparing for it and while he ignored the City Council's demands for an accounting, it didn't help him in his plans for the governorship. The raid also unified the Los Angeles gay community for a time.

#### HOW DOES SAN FRANCISCO COMPARE TO LOS ANGELES?

It is like comparing apples and oranges. We have many friends in Los Angeles

after being there for so many years. However I find a vitality in San Francisco that I do not find in Southern California. Things that are tolerated in Los Angeles would never be tolerated in San Francisco, And vice-versa. With the L.A.P.D. virtually gunning people down for jay-walking, can you imagine what the Dan White riot would have been like in Los Angeles? There is that kind of thinking in S.F. but cooler heads usually prevail here. However in the gay community, the political ego trips are not found exclusively to the south. And the crazies up here seem to be even more colorful than down there.

#### WILL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EVER GET ITS ACT TOGETHER, IN YOUR OPINION?

Hopefully someday, at least in Los Angeles, Orange County and San Diego have almost insurmountable odds. It is hard to conceive San Diego as being the second largest city in California. Los Angeles has the numbers in its gay population, but not in proportion to its other population. Hollywood and West Los Angeles have more gays than San Francisco but they are too scattered. If Hollywood proper is to be kept from going down the tubes completely, it would have to be done by the gays. The Chamber of Commerce has its head up its ass and the political machinery is set on "Self Destruct."

#### HAS THE SAN FRANCISCO MOVE BEEN A GOOD ONE FOR DRUMMER?

Very definitely. New people, new viewpoint and the energy level is much higher. We now have our own building for shipping and warehousing to do our own distribution.

#### ANYTHING YOU'D CARE TO LET US IN ON?

Why not. We have a new campaign coming up called "Change your Partners and Dance." At least I think that is what it will be called. DRUMMER stays just as loveable as it is, so does MACH, except for its getting DRUMMER's eight page centerposter (which is next to impossible with DRUMMER's moving to rotary press equipment). The name change involves ALTERNATE, which becomes MANIFEST. And the ALTERNATE name goes on our new tabloid, with MALEBOX becoming the center section of that tabloid. We hope to make the new ALTERNATE the biggest monthly gay publication around, in size and in content. It is ambitious, but it is hardly sudden. I guess the plans for this version of ALTERNATE were laid over five years ago. Finally we are ready for it. We are putting in a new computer system to keep up with our growth and are negotiating on the new DRUMMER KEY CLUB which will be part of the LEATHER FRATERNITY. Plowing the proceeds back into the business has always been my policy and is what has enabled DRUMMER to improve and develop. If you question that, just compare current issues with those of even a year ago. Promotional programs are being developed to get us more than comparable circulation to the Eastern gay publications. We have one very strong advantage, we are among the few Gay-owned national gay publications.

## YOU MEAN MOST GAY PUBLICATIONS ARE NOT GAY-OWNED?

I am speaking of nationally-distributed gay publications. Other than Christopher Street, I can't think of any on the East Coast. And on the West Coast, the Advocate and we are the only ones that I know of that are gay-owned. That isn't to fault the others but I think that a gay publication published by straight lacks something. I could be wrong.

## WHAT ELSE IS HAPPENING AT ALTERNATE PUBLISHING?

We are getting together a traveling DRUMMER EROTIC ART SHOW with many of DRUMMER's artist discoveries as well as originals from the many artists that we publish. We have shown it on the West Coast and it was very well received. We feel it could be used as a fund-raiser for gay charities around the country.

## YOU SAY "GAY CHARITIES" - DRUMMER'S EDITORIALS HAVE ALWAYS HAD A "GAY CHARITIES ONLY" POLICY. WHY IS THAT?

Simple. Establishment charities have always had plenty of people to call on. But what non-gay charity helps gays as such? And who is going to support gay causes except gays. The heteros will flock to benefits for underprivileged children (a cause that I believe gays should avoid like the plague) and "Toys for Tots" which I believe to be Uncle Tomism at its worst. However, if we must support a 'straight' cause, it probably should be for senior citizens, perhaps. Very few seem to be lining up to help the old folks in their loneliness. At least it is a counterbalance for the gay obsession with youth.

## HOW ABOUT POLITICS ON A NATIONAL LEVEL? WHAT DO YOU SEE IN STORE FOR GAYS IN THE COMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS?

If it is Ronnie Reagan, it will be more Nixon/Burger appointees to the Supreme Court and more rape of the Bill of Rights. Reagan's backers are already making plans to restore the FBI to its Hoover days of repression and dirty tricks. If that happens, the national gay community better look out. Carter isn't much brighter than Gerald Ford and only plays lip-service to the gay vote, without much conviction. As far as the national gay community is concerned, it better be Kennedy or Anderson, however unlikely that may seem.

## WHAT FUTURE DO YOU SEE FOR GAYS?

A future that would even amaze the most dedicated liberation leader. I believe that if we survive the eighties, including 1984, that gays will not only be accepted but become social, economic and cultural leaders. There is a huge void in the scheme of things at this time. Where are the great innovative leaders anymore? Only in history books? The world is going to have to draw on the minorities that have heretofore been unacceptable: Women, Blacks, Browns, Gays and most any mixture thereof. Hitler's top ten mistakes included getting rid of the intellectuals and the Jews for starters. A case in point is Albert Einstein. Cuba's deporting thousands of homosexuals makes that poor little island

even poorer. And if the Gay Community of this country doesn't bust its collective ass to find places for those Cuban gays, it doesn't deserve liberation. To get back to the original question, gays have been trend setters for many years. The theatre, movies, fashions, advertising, music and art are, if not dominated by gays, at least filled with them. I believe that the subject matter of novels and television will have more and more of the gay viewpoint. Especially now that the powers have discovered the male physique.

## WHO DO YOU THINK IS MOST DANGEROUS TO GAY LIBERATION IN THESE TIMES?

First I'd have to say the gays themselves. We can fight off idiots like Anita Bryant and Ed Davis. It's our own diversity and petty bickering that blows our effectiveness and our image to the rest of the country. But other than ourselves, I'd say the religious ultra-right wing. Those sons of bitches have numbers and money up the ass. The rednecks they feed on have few political opinions on their own but too many of them will do what the Jerry Falwells and the James Robinsons tell them. They'll send in their "cards and letters and love offerings" by the millions to frighten off the politicians both local and national.

## BACK TO PUBLISHING. WHAT SORT OF SATISFACTION HAS THE PUBLISHING OF DRUMMER BROUGHT YOU?

A tremendous amount, sometimes in very personal and subtle ways. We constantly get mail from guys who say how DRUMMER has helped them come to terms with their sexuality and their lives. I particularly like to hear from someone who found that he shares a specific sexual identity or fetish that other men enjoy — and that through DRUMMER they have learned to explore the possibilities of their sexual, physical, and emotional selves. In a way that is what they are saying when they write to us that DRUMMER is "a turn on."

It makes it all worthwhile. Or being treated like an old friend in a city of strangers when you are introduced as "the guy who puts out DRUMMER." I find the criticism as constructive as the compliments. I didn't have that attitude at the beginning. I remember the Janus Society's review of our early efforts as "DRUMMER is a Bummer, too slick, too commercial!" Christ, we have to be commercial. How the hell do we pay the bills? Putting the present issue of DRUMMER on the press takes enough money to make a substantial down payment on an apartment building or buy a Rolls Royce.

## ARE YOU SAYING THAT MONEY IS YOUR MOTIVATION?

I am not saying that at all. But the road is strewn with the whitened bones of bankrupt publications, both straight (I hate that word) and gay, that couldn't pay their bills — payroll, contributors, printers, freight, the post office. My lover (another word I am not fond of) complains constantly about my policy of plowing DRUMMER's profits back into the business. I had to learn to be a businessman.

## WHAT WERE YOUR PERSONAL REASONS FOR WANTING TO START

## A MAGAZINE LIKE DRUMMER?

If you are referring to my personal kinship, obviously I must have some interest in some of the fantasies that march through the pages of DRUMMER.

YOU SAY "I" IN TERMS OF DRUMMER, IS THERE ANYONE YOU FEEL PARTICULARLY INDEBTED TO FOR DRUMMER'S SUCCESS?

You bet your ass. Virtually everyone who has worked on or for the magazine has contributed. People have come and gone and even those few who took more than they gave, nevertheless did give of themselves. I prefer to remember that rather than any damage they might have done. And boy, did we have more than our share of clinkers.

AS DRUMMER BECOMES INCREASINGLY IMPORTANT ON THE NATIONAL GAY SCENE, WHAT DO YOU SEE AS ITS RESPONSIBILITIES?

First, honesty. To bring our gay perspective to our readers — to treat them as adults, to celebrate with them the things that make them special. Not to pull punches and be as direct as possible. DRUMMER has influenced other gay publications with its macho image and hard-hitting style. That should be what every publication strives for, pacesetting and a reputation for honesty. It sounds like clichés, but I mean it.

## WHAT DO YOU SEE AS THE GAYS STRONGEST WEAPON IN "GAY LIBERATION"?

It may sound corny, but the fact that right is on their side certainly can't hurt. If you have any faith at all in the original Christian concept or, putting religion aside, in the concept of the Constitution of the United States, there is no room for the bigotry directed against the homosexual minority. However, above and beyond politics, religion and the ballot box, I strongly believe the most powerful weapon that any minority has is buying power. The Jews used it to eliminate much of their opposition. The hotels and clubs they were excluded from, they simply eventually bought or opened up a competitor across the street. The black market has been finally discovered by Madison Avenue. Special billboard graphics and magazine graphics and TV commercials are all over the place to appeal to the black consumer. It is interesting that, as far as anybody knows, there are as many gays as blacks in this country and gays per capita have far more to spend than blacks. Gays have fewer dependents, more income and spend it more readily. If you doubt that, look at the other minority communities (read ghettos) and the gay communities (same) and see who is putting the bucks into urban renewal. "There goes the neighborhood" usually means up rather than down when gays start moving in.

A FINAL QUESTION. IN YOUR OPINION, WHAT PERSON HAS CONTRIBUTED THE MOST TO GAY LIBERATION.

Easy. Anita Bryant. We need all the great people who are giving much of their efforts and lives to fight idiots like her. But she has done more to unify the gay community everywhere than all our excellent leaders put together.



## WHEN GOOD MEN GET TOGETHER...

It's about time that we had a club of our own. And not just a club, but the kind of place that the fun-seeking sensualist in you has been searching for. There are a lot of things you could join — Discos, Encounter Clubs, Glory-Hole Clubs — the DRUMMER KEY CLUB is none of these. We have taken the concept of a place where OUR people can enjoy themselves: well-run, friendly, exciting and inexpensive and come up with a concept you can't resist.

Memberships in many places can cost you anywhere from a few to thousands of dollars and about all you get is the privilege of paying five to fifteen dollars at the door for admission. People like to associate with their own kind and are usually charged considerable for that right. Ours is a different concept. We are expanding the Leather Fraternity, including all its privileges and benefits, and

## DRUMMER KEY CLUB FOR THE MACHO MALE

adding a great new Club to use. Our first will be in San Francisco, where we are. Cost stays the same — \$50 — which is less than most Disco memberships. What do you get for fifty bucks?

DRUMMER SUBSCRIPTION. Twelve issues of the hottest magazine around. If you already subscribe, we'll add a year to your present subscription. That's \$30 worth right there. Pick up your free copy of DRUMMER at the club or we'll mail it to you.

CLASSIFIED ADS. Twelve inserts in DRUMMER no less. Included.

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THE DRUMMER KEY CLUB will be open this summer in the Heart of the Folsom-South of Market area.

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Enjoy the DRUMMER KEY CLUB and all its benefits and make this coming year one to remember. Now, more than ever, you should have a Leather Fraternity membership and DRUMMER CLUB key.

Hurry! Charter memberships at this price must be limited. Get your ass in gear.

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### DRUMMER

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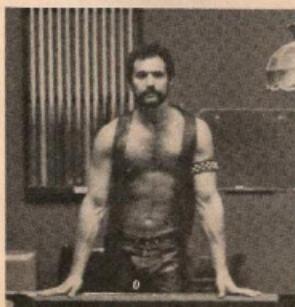
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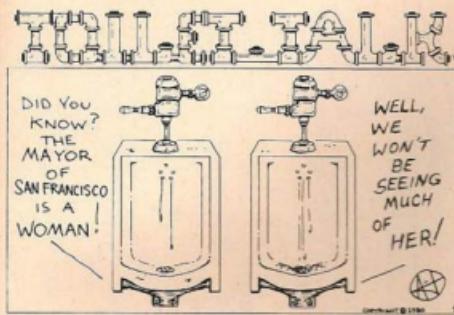


# DRUMSTICKS



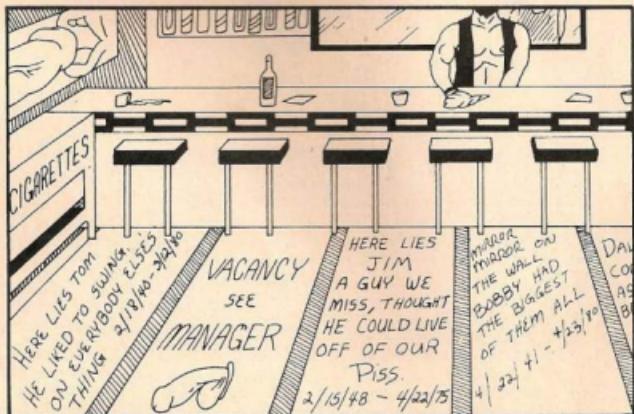
Henry Dovails

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C. W. M.

"Do you want to come back here to my pad after the Masquerade Party to hit the hay?"



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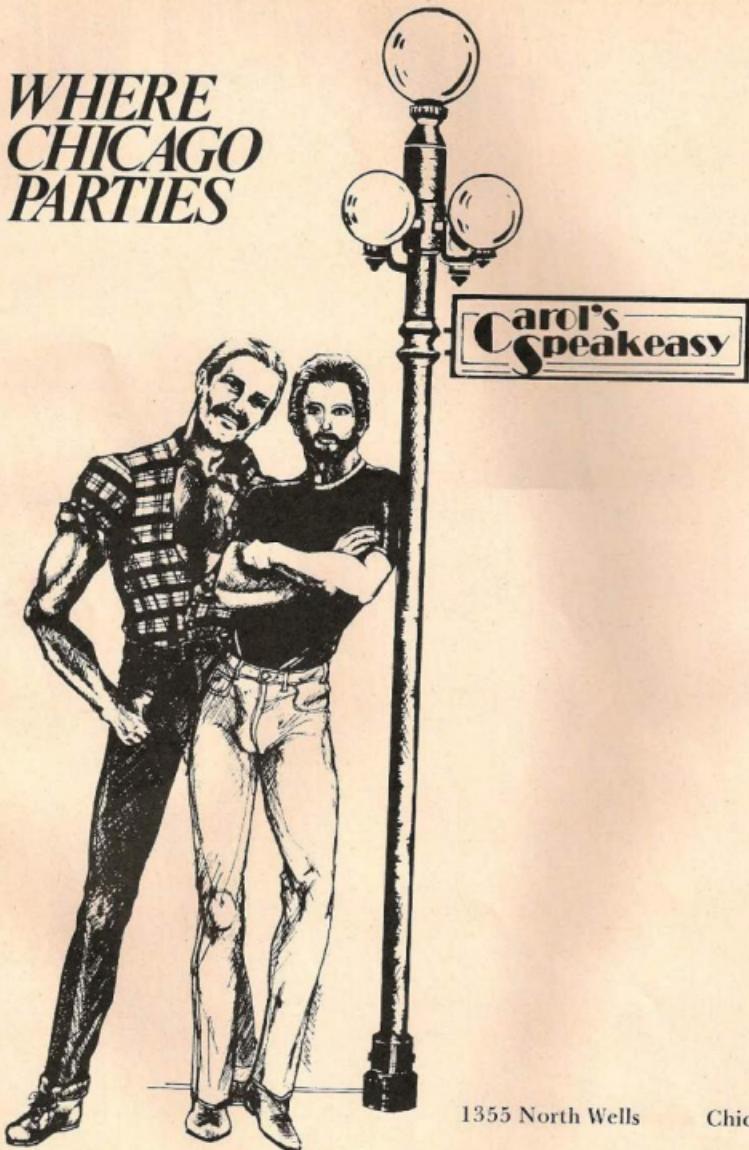
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

# CHICAGO MEN

## LEATHERNECKS IN THE MIDWEST

DRUMMER 45

**WHERE  
CHICAGO  
PARTIES**



1355 North Wells

Chicago

# THE SECOND CITY

By Hank Trout

If you're looking for a kind of action that you won't find on either of the coasts, come to Chicago. The men in this "city of the broad shoulders" are among the hunkiest male animals in the country — and there's nothing (well, almost nothing) that they like better than to welcome other hot studs into the Windy City.

Chicago has become in recent years a true mecca, a center of gay activity second to none in the country. For example, within two weeks recently, Chicago hosted both the 1980 International Mr. Leather Contest and the National Invitational Volleyball Tournament.

But no need to wait for a super-weekend event to draw you to Chicago. On any given weekend (or through the week, for that matter) there is far more than enough hot action going down in this town to keep even the most die-hard partyer busy. The watering holes are open until 3:00 and 5:00 am, the baths and bookstores are open constantly, and the townsmen are always up for a party!

One of the things you'll note about Chicago's men right away is that they are unexpectedly warm and open to anyone who visits. Chicago's men — particularly those in the leather scene — care very deeply about their city, about what other men think of Chicago, and about any visitor's well-being while in town. They make friends easily, and the members of the Leather Fraternity who have visited Chicago have all left with a sense of enrichment because of the men here whom they met. Chicago is a great place to share our pride in one another and in ourselves.

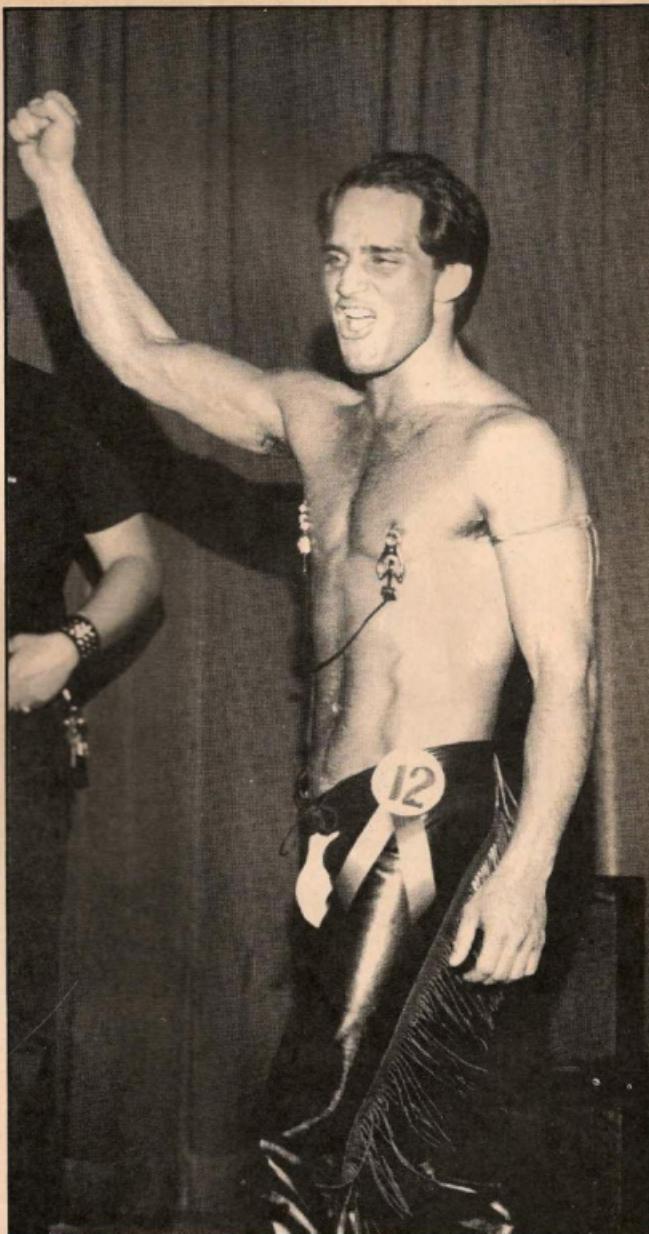
On the next several pages you'll find examples of the kinds of action you can expect of Chicago and its men. Everything from the hard-core leather gathering places to a little card shop on Broadway — a collection of the not-to-be-missed spots here in the Windy City.

The best way to see and do Chicago is to come into town early, latch onto one of the city's "meat packers," and let him drag you from spot to spot.

So what are you waiting for?

Photos by Erin

# SECOND TO NONE!



# BARS



## LOADING ZONE

The bar for "Pickup and Delivery" — and they mean it!

The **LOADING ZONE** is one of the youngest bars on the Chicago scene, but already its parties are staples in the city's diet. Dr. Steve and the gang keep things hopping with Greek Week, Weinie Week, and other week-long debaucheries.

LZ is a triple threat all on its own — three bars in one, each with its own distinctive feel about it. The front bar is for music and dancing, with a mirrored dancefloor that never slows down. The middle bar is more like a scene from Middle Earth — a cavern carved out of Chicago's underground (find the unicorn carved into the wall yet?). The back bar is for the more heavy-duty among us — lots of leather, and continuous large-screen funk movies. When someone tells you he's "in the mood for the **LOADING ZONE**," you'd better ask him which **LOADING ZONE**!

46 East Oak, (312) 266-2244.



## TOUCHE'

If you're gonna come to Touche', douche first! This is Chicago's *action* leather bar — the one where rugged men come to play rough!

Every night of the week sees something special going on at Touche', Monday is Fetish Night; Tuesday is Black Leather Night; Wednesday is M.A.F.I.A. Night (a red bandana and a clean ass are *de rigueur*); Friday is club night [Touche' hosts The Chicago Cossacks, The Trade-winds, the Chicago M.O.B., and the Windy City Wrestling Club]; and Sunday is the day for traditional "Sunday Sleaze" with the hottest afternoon action in the Midwest.

When things get just a little too steamy out front, you can always retreat to the newly remodeled garden at the

back of Touche'. The hours that some men have spent getting drenched in the tub out there! If only the fence around Touche's garden could talk and write!

Touche's reputation as the friendliest bar in the city is a well-deserved one. When asked why his bar is different from others in Chicago, owner Chuck Rodocker replied, "I own it." A flip answer from Shorty, to be sure, and yet true — Touche' is a gregarious, friendly, slightly depraved gathering hole because Chuck's personality and madness pervade the bar even in his absence.

The men at Touche' are hot and ready! There is no such thing as a stranger in Chicago after he's been to Touche'. If you miss it, you haven't done Chicago. It's at 2825 North Lincoln; (312) 929-3269.



644-6029

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CHICAGO

WHERE  
ELSE  
BUT!!!

## THE BUSHES

Without the Bushes, Sunday afternoon in Chicago just wouldn't be the same. They call this one "the meeting place," and for good reason.

The Bushes thrives on being "different." The music is the most unpredictable mixture of styles (heavy disco on weekends). The garden out back provides a civilized retreat from the music inside (as well as some wonderful corners for privacy).

And if things seem just a touch crazy at the Bushes, you can thank owner/bartender Michael Schimandle, Chicago has known for quite a while that Michael's head is on just a bit askew — and his craziness pervades the Bushes with a "to-hell-with-anyone-who-can't-party" atmosphere.

The Bush is also home base for Chicago's one-and-only Passiabella — and that one you have to see for yourself!

3132 North Halsted; (312) 528-6088.



## THE GOLD COAST

What becomes a legend most. Try a 20-year history as Chicago's premiere leather/leather bar, stunning graphic murals by famed artist Etienne, one of the hunkiest staffs in the city, an international reputation for quality, and the guarantee of tightly packed studs in leather — and that helps explain the legend of the Gold Coast.

When you walk into this Chicago landmark, there's no mistaking that this is a bar for men. The black walls and ceiling, the Etienne paintings, the posters from Europe's hottest leather bars, the motorcycles resting atop the scaffolding along the wall — this ain't no dance palace!

And downstairs in the Pit, the feel (as well as the action) is a lot rougher. This is the "dress code in effect," not for the faint-of-heart section of the Gold

Coast. This is where the men come for some serious cruising — and where you're likely to find that man whose fantasies/desires match yours like a small fist matches a tight ass. But if you ain't in leather, western or military gear, don't come down.

The Gold Coast is also the home of the Chicago Knights M.C., the Pride/Chicago, and Second City M.C., who do club nights on alternating Thursdays. Another regular feature is the Sunday afternoon and evening movies in the upstairs bar. (And when the lights go down, not everyone is watching the flick!)

Part of the Renslow & Associates group of gay businesses, the Gold Coast is more than Chicago's best-known gathering places for hot leather-decked studs — it is a national treasure, certainly not to be missed!

501 North Clark; (312) 329-0565.



## CAROL'S SPEAKEASY

The ads say "Where Chicago parties," and Chicago says, "You're damned right!" Carrying on the honored tradition of the late Chicago legend whose name it still bears, Carol's Speakeasy is unquestionably the city's wildest and most popular disco/party bar.

The place is almost cavernous — four separate bars, the one in back being a magnet for leather (and somewhat removed from the music), a huge dancefloor, unobtrusive table-seating areas — all of it pulsating under Chicago's most incredible sound system.

And no one in Chicago can throw a special party like Carol's can. From the sublime (like a recent reception for players in the National Invitational Volleyball Tournament) to the unthinkable ("Drugs for Drag" needs no comment), Carol's parties invariably attract the largest cross-section of Chicago's gays — with the leather turning out hot and heavy on weekends (especially late). 2355 North Wells; (312) 944-4236.



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**the bushes**  
3320 north halsted  
chicago 528 6088



## THE GLORY HOLE

For some 9 years now The Glory Hole has been one of Chicago's sturdiest neighborhood-and-more bars. The crowd, particularly on weekends, is a fun collection of varying degrees of leather and Levi sorts. The bar's "laissez-faire" attitude toward its patrons makes this one of the city's most relaxed watering holes.

Relaxed, but far from sleepy! On Sunday afternoons the garden out back of the Glory Hole hops with all kinds of hot action covering the benches and tables. And during the summer, the pool in the garden (a feature unique in Chicago) is usually surrounded with sweat-glistening, no-tan-line sunbathers. The fence and trees provide the privacy; the men provide the action.

The dancefloor is gone (it was too small anyway), but the music plays on (heavy on the rock). And so does the partying — The Glory Hole is one laid-back "let's party" bar. Take advantage of it.

1343 North Wells; (312) 944-9065.



## REDOUBT

This third jewel in the Windy City's triple crown of leather bars, REDOUBT sits in the Clark/Illinois section of gay Chicago. You know right away that you'll find only men here — no one else could open those weighted doors!

But the doors do keep opening, especially on Wednesday nights for the midnight drawings for prizes — everything from t-shirts (special discount to anyone wearing a REDOUBT t-shirt) and bar tabs to chaps and motorcycle jackets. Wednesday night is also 75¢ drink night at REDOUBT, making it one of the leather crowd's favorite midweek gathering spots.

On weekends some of the area's hunkiest studs come together (all puns intended) in the Stockade, the down-stairs bar at REDOUBT. Gathered around

the pool table or near the pirhana tank (would I lie to you?), or revelling in the antics of bartender Jackson, the weekend crowd at REDOUBT is definitely a party crowd.

That is especially true on the last Friday of each month when the Rodeo Riders L/L club hosts their club night in the Stockade. REDOUBT is home for these urban cowboys, and they always treat their guests to surprises by the basketful (see earlier reference to puns). As we go to press, the RRs are making plans for their first annual "Mr. Fist Contest." They'll have you singing the praises of two-fisted love in no time!

REDOUBT is German for "fortress" — an apt name for this firmly rooted landmark of Chicago's leather scene. So, *wilkommen, cowboy!*

65 West Illinois, (312) 644-6029.



## THE LOCKER

If Western is your (life)style, then the Locker is your bar in Chicago. A relative newcomer to the Chicago scene, the Locker is nevertheless becoming a favored hang-out for the Midwest's midnight cowboys and the men into them.

"This is the best pick-up bar in the city — *no one* leaves here alone!" boasts Locker owner Bob Shields. He attributes that, first, to the ever-growing number of jeans and vested Western dudes who hang out there and, second, to the bar's "no-pressure" attitude. "We try to keep things very low-keyed, very folksy in here," Shields says, "and that way no one feels compelled to play some of the games you can find in other bars."

The only game going on here is the very busy pool table. And the things some men can think to do with a cue stick and an 8-ball!

3019 North Clark; (312) 348-9358.



# THE 1980 INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER CONTEST AT THE GOLD COAST



On Saturday 10 May, hundreds of hunky Leathermen from all over the world converged on Chicago to watch [and pant] as Australia's Patrick Brookes climbed from Down Under to the top of the 1980 International Mr. Leather Contest. This second annual Contest, sponsored again by The Gold Coast, drew a fantastic array of macho contestants representing bars, clubs, and merchants from every major Leather community in the country, including New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Denver, Miami/Kew West, Kansas City, and Boston.

Among the competition were the 2nd Place winner, Joseph LoPresti of Chicago, representing Hardware Liquid Aroma, and Brazil's Val Martin, representing Drummer Magazine.

The weekend-long "celebration of the masculine image" kicked off with a cocktail party at the Radisson Hotel on Chicago's posh Michigan Avenue (that terlet will never be the same!). Lots of man-watching, lots of sizing-up contestants, lots of meeting out-of-towners, lots of groping. From there, the crowd moved north to Touche', where the Windy City's youngest L/L' club, the Chicago M.O.B. (Men Or Brotherhood) threw a welcoming party in honor of the contestants and visitors. If you missed your chance to say hello to that not little tucker from Boston at the Radisson, you got a second chance at Touche' — if you could get to him, that is, through the leather-heavy wall-to-wall crowd of men. And out back in the garden there was plenty of man-to-man action as a preview of what we could all expect of the weekend just beginning. Ah, Touche's tub was active that night!

On Saturday afternoon, contestants, visitors, and townies gathered at The Gold Coast for an open-bar party hosted by Chuck Renslow (owner), Phil Spence (manager), and the rest of the GC staff. Flashbulbs popped at fight asses and blubing baskets. The dozen or so Australians on hand sang praises for Sydney to everyone who would listen, and most of us did (I tried to talk them into kidnapping me — a prolonged bondage scene, tied up and hidden in one of their suitcases for the 18-hour flight). Men from opposite ends of the country exchanged addresses and phone numbers (bartender Damian was heard to ask one muscular little bottom if it wouldn't be easier to use carbon paper). Three hours of sharing a brew and a feel, then off to rest up for the Big Event.

8 pm. In the Grand Ballroom of the Radisson now. Big Ed Welson is commanding the stage, working the crowd ("Is Neil Mann into water sports?" indeed!). And then the first Parade of Contestants — 18 of the hunkiest, hottest, most rock-popping fuckers who ever wore cowhide strutting their considerable stuff before an eager and hungrily appreciative crowd of leathermen. As each new contestant appeared onstage and strutted down the runway, cocks proudly thrust forward, the crowd loudly applauded and cheered and whistled and moaned their approval — contestants 2, 4, 8, 9, 12, and 15 especially left the Radisson's rafters reverberating.

A short break in the show, then on to

the "physique/swimmer" portion of the contest, Chicago hasn't seen so much lean, tight, bare muscle since last summer at Belmont Rocks! The crowd nearly melted when contestant No. 9, Joe LoPresti, appeared soaking wet in skin-tight white trunks that left nothing to the hungry imagination. When he stood at the end of the runway and shook the water off, 6 men trampled over me to get splashed!

After a "fashion show" by Male Hide Leathers — featuring the latest in hoods and leashes for your favorite pet slaves — the contestants filed out for the third and final segment of the competition, the "leather/levi" image" segment. This segment also gave the judges a chance to look beyond just the physical images, as each contestant introduced himself and gave some accounting of himself. For example, Walt Lang (Contestant No. 8, Triangle Lounge, Denver) strutted onstage in a hood, a harness, gauntlets, knee-high boots, a leather jock and carrying a whip — and said, "Denver isn't a city that's known for its leather . . . but we're learning!" (They're probably teaching a lot, too!) Contestant No. 2, the eventual winner, announced in his distinctly Australian accent, "I'm Patrick Brookes, and I'm from out of town."

Many of the contestants voiced their joy in being gay, their pride in being part of the international leather crowd. Even those who did not directly address the topic, beamed with pride and an intense spirit of brotherhood. It made all of us feel gratefully and proudly at home amongst our own.

And then the announcements. "Tense" is not an accurate word for the feeling hovering over all of us at that moment. It was more like the anticipation/sensation of having your cock up some hungry slave's tight ass, just moments away from exploding your balls inside his hole.

The 3rd and 2nd Place winners took their places on the right and left of the winner's box amid crazed, noisy cheering and yelling. Then silence.

Big Ed: "The winner, 1980's International Mr. Leather is . . . PATRICK BROOKES of Sydney, Australia!"

The tableful of Aussies went nuts, leaped to their feet as one, whooped and jumped, tossed Australian flags onto the runway. The rest of us were close behind them in crazed excitement. Like 400 dudes in a j/o session all coming at once into the smoky air.

The winner was quite obviously the popular choice of everyone on hand. And no wonder — those rock-like biceps, a lightly haired granite chest, a smile that could melt the Poles, a basket tightly framed by black chaps, and the kind of ass you'd trade your favorite shackles for just a taste of! This Aussie is all man, all stud!

Drummer salutes Patrick and congratulates him on his selection as the 1980 International Mr. Leather — we're all proud and cock-pumping happy to proclaim this Down Under stud as our most macho Brother. And to Chuck Renslow, The Gold Coast, and Chicago — congratulations and thanks for the wildest weekend party of the year!

See you again in 1981.



# HOTELS



## THE ABBOTT HOTEL

Welcome to Chicago's full-service gay hotel. Just steps away from the heart of Chicago's gay New Town community, the ABBOTT HOTEL promises to make your stay in Chicago a wild one.

There are 91 renting units at the ABBOTT which rent for \$11 to \$13 (prices subject to change without notice). Each room features "oversized" beds for when your visit gets *really* active, and free color television (well, you can't *fuck* *all* the time!).

And what better use for color televisions than the ABBOTT's closed circuit screenings of all-gay "adult films" from 7 pm till 7 am. The finest in gay erotica is yours just for the plugging-in.

If you're looking for a hot, convenient place to bed down in Chicago, I suggest you contact the ABBOTT and make reservations (especially if your visit coincides with one of the city's many special occasions).

721 West Belmont, (312) 248-2700.



## THE BARRACKS

Maybe we should rename this one the "Leather Arms Hotel." The BARRACKS is not exclusively a leatherman's hotel, but on some nights you wouldn't know.

Located directly above the Machine Shop and across Clark from the Gold Coast, the BARRACKS is popular with visiting out-of-towners as much for its convenience to the Clark/Illinois district as it is for its fun facilities and very reasonable rates (\$9/night). Another Renslow & Associates enterprise, the BARRACKS goes far toward upholding the firm's standard of hot 'n steamy excellence.

And there's a hell of a lot more action than at the Holiday Inn!

506 North Clark, (312) 644-7740, occasional special rates during in-city runs and other special events.

## MAN'S COUNTRY

The name says it all — Man's Country is the largest, the best-equipped, and the most packed baths in the city. This is where the action is because this is where the men are.

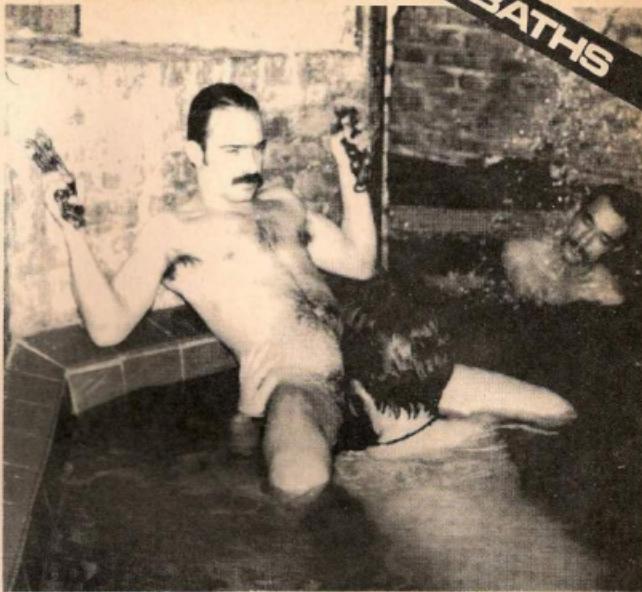
A list of the facilities at Man's Country reads less like a description of a baths than like a brochure for a mythical fantasy land somewhere around the corner from Nirvana: a full-sized and stunningly equipped disco; a large private sundeck; numerous private rooms; a couple of "special" private rooms for the leatherman; a large fully stocked snack bar; a giant video-screening room; and a distinctly dungeon-like shower/whirlpool area. Those chains in the whirlpool get as much use as the on-off knobs on the showers.

Man's Country regularly treats Chicago to the best in live stage shows in the disco. It was here that Chicago boogied down at the Black and Blue Ball, part of May's 1980 International Mr. Leather Contest Weekend.

As we went to press, work was being completed on an annex to the already huge Man's Country.

But the main attraction is the men — at any hour of any day of the week, Man's Country is heavily populated with Chicago's hottest, horniest hunks. You don't come here to crash — you come for steamy, sweaty Chicago-style action. Or else.

5015 North Clark; (312) 878-2069; open 24 hours daily.



## CLUB CHICAGO BATHS

Is there any place in the country where this chain of men's baths isn't recognized as a quality-insured facility?

The CLUB CHICAGO BATHS is now in its 12th year of service, making it one of the genuine landmarks of the gay scene in this city. All of the facilities you've come to expect from the Club Baths chain are here — including sauna, steamroom, tv lounge, whirlpool, private rooms — plus some extras, such as the pool tables and the special price offerings.

One of those special price offerings is the \$1 Locker Ticket. For 15 bucks, you get a ticket good for 15 locker-use visits. Another exclusive at the CLUB CHICAGO BATHS is the Travel Discount Card. The TDC costs only \$25 and entitles the bearer to \$40-worth of visits in *any* of seven Club Bath Chain establishments across the country, including Atlanta, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and two others. With these and other pricing specials, the CLUB CHICAGO BATHS enjoys often overflowing crowds of towel-bedecked studs with one thing in mind. Or two, or three . . .

The quality you expect from the CBC at a location that is part of the Clark/Illinois area of gay life in Chicago. You could ask for more?

609 North LaSalle Street, (312) 337-0080, open 24 hours.



"woody wanna drink? anyoody wanna drink? anybody Wanna drink? anybody wanna drink? anybody anybody wanna 'rink anybody? wanna drink anybody wanna drink? anyl k? anybody wanna drink? anybody anyt k? anybody wanna drink? anybody wanna u wanna drink anybody wanna drink? anyl

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# SUNDAYS

## Dance Bar for men

Open daily 2 til 4

430 N. Clark  
Chicago

# Touché

**A bar for men in leather and levis**  
Open at noon every day  
2825 North Lincoln, Chicago (312) 929-3269

MALE HIDE LEATHERS INC.  
66 WEST ILLINOIS STREET  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60610  
312/321-1538



## BISTRO

Dugan's Bistroteque (Bistro) is without a doubt the most talked-about disco between the coasts. It is hot! And the dancing is inspired, sweaty action.

Bistro's reputation for excellence rests mainly on its lighting and sound. The lighting is an incredibly elaborate, little-floor fantasy. In the seven years that the Bistro has been flashing its lassers, no one in the Midwest has matched their light show.

The driving force behind the legendary sound at the Bistro has been DJ Lou DiVito. DiVito has twice won *Billboard's* DJ Of The Year Award for this region, and he is lauded for the impeccable ear for new sounds and for his unmatched ability to get a crowd "up!" When DiVito cuts loose with one of his "Hot Mixes," the Bistro's flashing floor becomes an impenetrable mass of hopping, thrashing, sweaty bodies of every ilk.

It's a great place to get cranked up!  
420 North Dearborn; (312) 467-1878.



**DANCE**

## SUNDAY'S

Despite its name changes in the last 7 years, Sunday's remains one of Chicago's favorite dance bars. I hesitate to call it a disco, because it is smaller, more personal than the word disco connotes. Besides, the music is heavy disco only on Friday and Saturday nights; the rest of the week, the fare might include country, jazz, and new wave all within a short period.

Not to bely that Sunday's is a great place to dance! The small dancefloor in the main bar is an ever-changing treat (the dj tries to make some change or another every week in the lighting arrangements). And recently, Sunday's has

annexed a second, much larger dancefloor in an adjoining bar. The new annex features a huge dancing area, smaller alcove areas for respite from the madness on the floor, and a dj's booth that is a large replica of an old jukebox.

The emphasis here is on keeping things very personal — it's the one bar left where the dj will try to play your requests! And since it is also in the Clark-Illinois area, Sunday's nearly always has its share of hot, sweaty, panting leather-studs strutting and flinging their stuff on the dancefloor. And no one objects to sweaty leatherstuds!

430 North Clark; (312) 467-5459.



## ALFIE'S

If you think that 75¢ drinks are just a fond memory of years gone by, think again! Every day of the week, all day and night long, ALFIE'S offers all drinks for only 75¢. That helps to make this Rush Street landmark one of Chicago's most consistently packed watering holes.

The crowd of men at ALFIE'S usually peaks at least twice each day. First, the after-work, loosen-the-tie-and-unwind crowd keeps things loose and friendly during cocktails. (And believe me, a pause in ALFIE'S during Rush Street rush hour traffic is one that indeed refreshes.) Then later at night, the action heats up to the steamy sounds of disco with one of Chicago's most popular DJs, Peter Lew-

icki. Peter has a reputation as an arbiter of musical tastes in Chicago. In addition to the spinning discs that he masters at ALFIE'S, for years Peter's taped "exclusive hot mixes" were a staple on the WDAI disco airwaves.

And now on Wednesday nights, Peter is stirring up some New Waves on the dancefloor.

So if you want to relax at Cocktail Hour, or if hot-as-hell night-time disco is more your speed, ALFIE'S beckons you. And for 75¢ drinks, how can you not heed the call? (Watch for a new look in ALFIE'S — remodelling plans are now underway and promise to make this spot even more of a must.)

900 North Rush, (312) 822-0300.



## BOOK STORES



### MACHINE SHOP

This is Chicago's best-known bookstore — it's the one where even folks from out of the country joke about buying a condo. Machine Shop is also probably Chicago's most active bookstore.

A member of the Renslow & Associates family, Machine Shop has been a favorite gathering place for men since 1976. Located in the Clark-Illinois center, Machine Shop gets especially active when the area bars drive close. The rush on tokens around bar-closing time can be maddening! And the rush of hot leathermen can be exhilarating.

Machine Shop boasts of being Chicago's only exclusively gay bookstore — no slipping a *Hustler* in on these folks. You know in advance that all the booths

### OVER 21 BOOKSTORE

A long-time staple of the gay scene in Old Town, the Over 21 Bookstore remains one of the Windy City's most convenient and most popular sites. The emphasis here is on selection, and the Over 21 is one of the Midwest's most diverse collections of gay erotica, their offerings of toys ain't shabby, either.

And being conveniently located between The Glory Hole and Carol's Speakeasy, the traffic through the Over 21 can be eye-boggling.

1347 North Wells; (312) 642-2288; open 24 hours daily.

are going to be showing lots of fucking and sucking (and some more exotic things) — both onscreen and off.

The emphasis in the magazines and books is definitely leather and S&M. And they stock everything in the most recent macho publications as well as some fine classics of homoerotica — like early collected works by Tom of Finland.

Of course Machine Shop also carries your favorite toys and lubricants, for use on premises or as take-out.

So if the lights come up on you at the bar before you're ready to stop partying, follow that hunky fucker across the street to Machine Shop and get acquainted.

504 North Clark Street; (312) 337-9080; open 24-hrs. daily.

### GREASE PIT MOVIE ARCADE 25¢



### PIT STOP

Although the youngest of Chicago's gay bookstores, the Pit Stop is certainly a grown-up operation. Manager/artist Bruce Cegur says, "We try not to treat people like they're walking into a dirty bookstore; we want them to be as comfortable here as they are in the bars."

That attitude has helped make the Pit Stop one of the cruisiest spots in gay Chicago. The "Grease Pit" movie arcade (always kept immaculately clean) always features the latest in gay action films, as well as some of the Midwest's hunkiest numbers.

For your browsing/shopping pleasure (the motto here is "Do your shopping, meet a friend") the Pit Stop offers a wide choice of homoerotica, special screenings of new video cassette releases, lots of leather and rubber and toys.

Manager Bruce Cegur is obviously ex-

cited about his enterprise. "We have the friendliest clerks in the city — and the hottest (one of them can be seen in these photos). And clean — we douche this place everyday! We like to treat people right."

That same enthusiasm spills into another of Bruce's enterprises, a mail-order service called Himages. Himages carries a genuinely unique selection of original hand-crafted rubber stamps with (h)images like biker cops, enema bags, hankied asses, cowboys, jockstraps, and many other images of our community. The stamps give near-perfect reproduction and can add the perfect touch to that plain brown paper you've been using for those groveling letters to your Master. Himages can be contacted at 1525 East 53rd Street, Suite 621, Chicago, 60615.

The bookstore is at 1020 North Clark; (312) 337-8238; 12:00 - 2:00 am daily.

## ON BROADWAY

An afternoon walk through Chicago's Newtown can be a shopper's smorgasbord, for the area is wonderfully ripe with shops of every conceivable interest. One of the most delicious of these shopper's treats is a recent arrival on Broadway.

Named, appropriately enough, On Broadway, this card-gift-stationery shop was opened about 8 months ago by co-owners Ron Paladino and Kevin Bolger. Its location, just doors away from the infamous corner of Broadway and Belmont, ensures that it is just as good for cruising as for browsing.

On Broadway stocks a plentiful array of greeting cards and stationery, much of it gay-oriented stuff. If you're looking for the latest from the folks at RockShots or for the complete line of cards by gay artist Robert LaSenna, On Broadway is your best bet.

3176 North Broadway (Broadway & Belmont); (312) 248-6406.



## THE PLEASURE CHEST

This little shop of erotica is definitely a must for anyone shopping the on-Broadway area of gay Chicago.

Like its counterparts in NYC, DC, Philly, and L.A., THE PLEASURE CHEST offers an amazing selection of the finest in leather, rubber, and latex goods. The walls are covered with restraints, hoods, shackles, whips, riding crops, and every other conceivable item for keeping your 'pets' in tow. Goes without saying that they also stock dildoes, butt plugs, and 'fists' of every possible size, shape, color, feel. And a wide choice of lubricants to make them go in better. All of this at the lowest prices in the Midwest.

The PLEASURE CHEST has always

carried a selection of t-shirts and other wearing apparel. Recently, they've added to that line a hefty selection of leather jackets and other new items, including the new "Malebox" jockstraps (in your favorite colors, no less).

And you absolutely cannot miss THE PLEASURE CHEST if you're wandering around Broadway — their full storefront window has some of the most bizarre displays imaginable.

Want to take home some hot souvenirs to your stable of slaves? Well, trust me — THE PLEASURE CHEST is your best bet.

3143 North Broadway, (312) 525-7151, open noon to midnight 7 days a week.



## MALE HIDE LEATHER

I've often wondered if there could be a leather crowd in Chicago without Male Hide Leather. Bob Maddox, George Harvey, and the staff of Male Hide have long been the Midwest's number-one outfitters to the leather crowd, and they show no signs of slipping out of that position.

A large part of their success is the vast array of merchandise you can pick up all at once. Everything from sports shirts and jeans to Schott motorcyclist jackets and many styles of boots can be found at Male Hide. And for those special pieces, no one in the country can top the expert craftsmanship of the men who custom design and make leather of every description for Chicago and the Midwest. A pair of custom chaps from Male Hide is a status symbol of sorts among the True Believers.

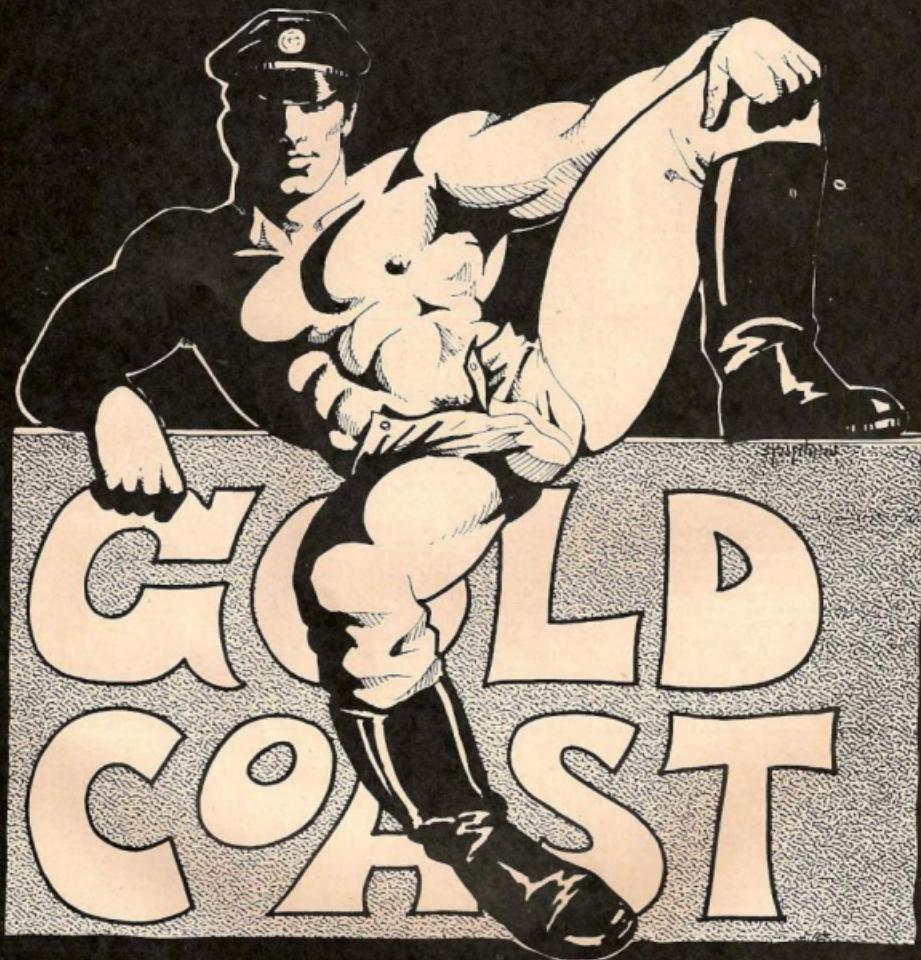
As if their work in leather clothing weren't enough to secure Male Hide's reputation for excellent service to the fraternity, the shop also offers the very finest in toys. The folks here also run and operate the "Leather Cell" shop in the Pit at the Gold Coast — so those shopping bags that leave the bar on Friday night are probably full of virginal shackles or dildoes or harnesses or hoods on their way home to be deflowered. There's nothing like being able to pick up some hot trick's favorite device before you head home.

No trip to Chicago would be complete without an afternoon jaunt to Male Hide. So drop in, let the smell of thousands of pounds of new leather overwhelm you, and say hello to Stan, the self-proclaimed "friendliest store clerk in the U.S."

66 West Illinois; (312) 321-1536.



SHOPS



*Eric*  
© 1978

**501 N. CLARK • CHICAGO**

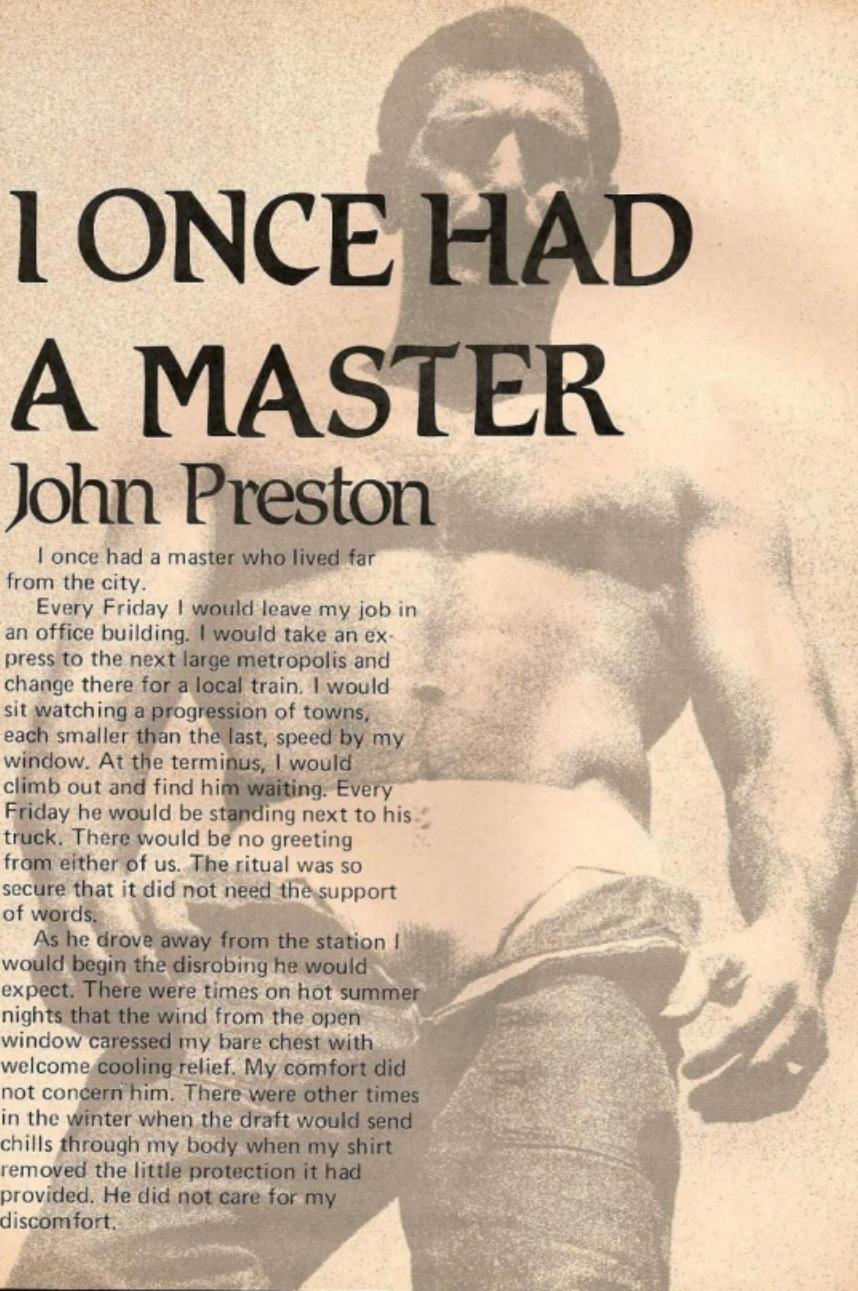
# I ONCE HAD A MASTER

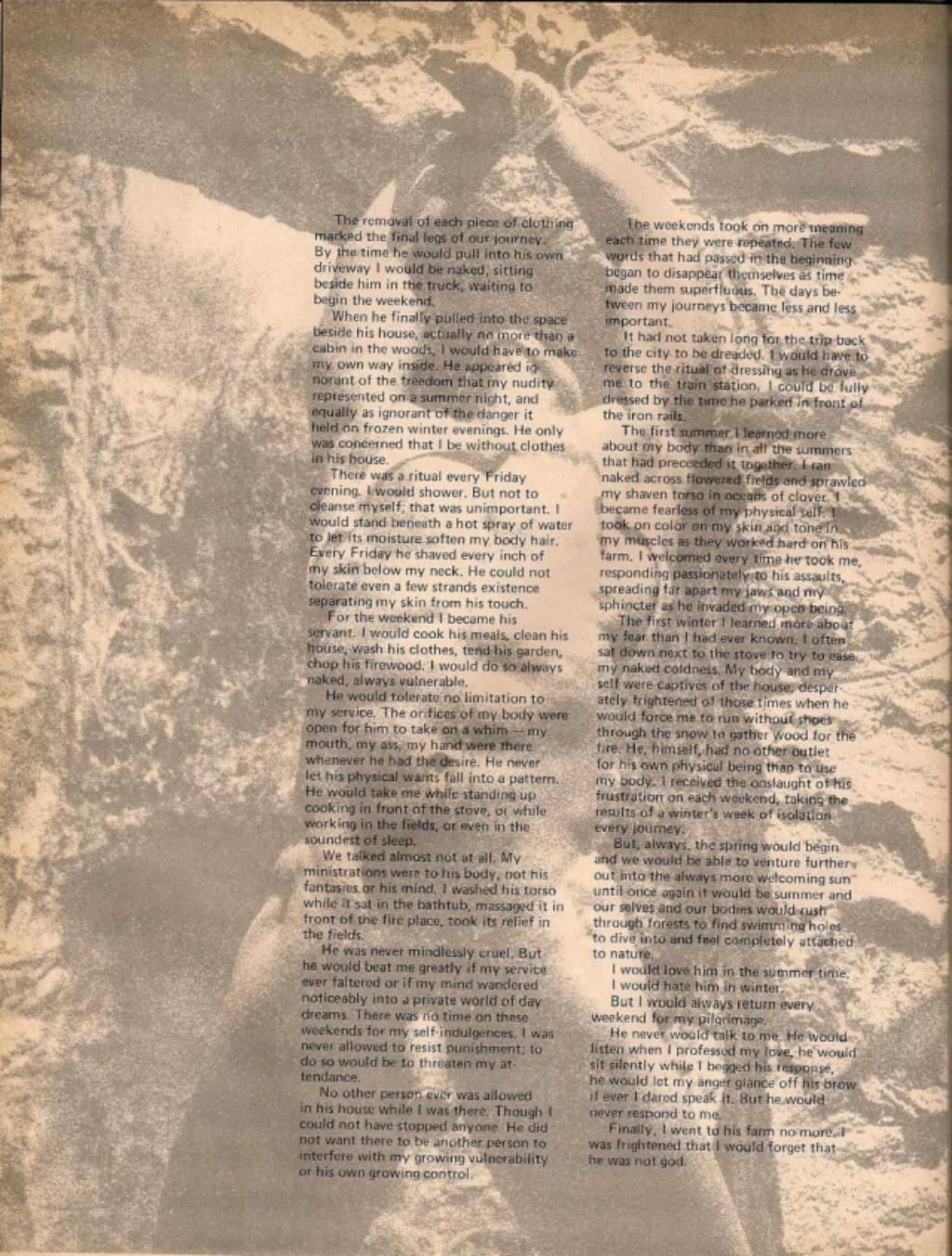
## John Preston

I once had a master who lived far from the city.

Every Friday I would leave my job in an office building. I would take an express to the next large metropolis and change there for a local train. I would sit watching a progression of towns, each smaller than the last, speed by my window. At the terminus, I would climb out and find him waiting. Every Friday he would be standing next to his truck. There would be no greeting from either of us. The ritual was so secure that it did not need the support of words.

As he drove away from the station I would begin the disrobing he would expect. There were times on hot summer nights that the wind from the open window caressed my bare chest with welcome cooling relief. My comfort did not concern him. There were other times in the winter when the draft would send chills through my body when my shirt removed the little protection it had provided. He did not care for my discomfort.





The removal of each piece of clothing marked the final legs of our journey. By the time he would pull into his own driveway I would be naked, sitting beside him in the truck, waiting to begin the weekend.

When he finally pulled into the space beside his house, actually no more than a cabin in the woods, I would have to make my own way inside. He appeared ignorant of the freedom that my nudity represented on a summer night, and equally as ignorant of the danger it held on frozen winter evenings. He only was concerned that I be without clothes in his house.

There was a ritual every Friday evening. I would shower. But not to cleanse myself; that was unimportant. I would stand beneath a hot spray of water to let its moisture soften my body hair. Every Friday he shaved every inch of my skin below my neck. He could not tolerate even a few strands existence separating my skin from his touch.

For the weekend I became his servant. I would cook his meals, clean his house, wash his clothes, tend his garden, chop his firewood. I would do so always naked, always vulnerable.

He would tolerate no limitation to my service. The orifices of my body were open for him to take on a whim — my mouth, my ass, my hand were there whenever he had the desire. He never let his physical wants fall into a pattern. He would take me while standing up, cooking in front of the stove, or while working in the fields, or even in the soundest of sleep.

We talked almost not at all. My ministrations were to his body, not his fantasies or his mind. I washed his torso while it sat in the bathtub, massaged it in front of the fire place, took its relief in the fields.

He was never mindlessly cruel. But he would beat me greatly if my service ever faltered or if my mind wandered noticeably into a private world of day dreams. There was no time on these weekends for my self-indulgences; I was never allowed to resist punishment; to do so would be to threaten my attendance.

No other person ever was allowed in his house while I was there. Though I could not have stopped anyone. He did not want there to be another person to interfere with my growing vulnerability or his own growing control.

The weekends took on more meaning each time they were repeated. The few words that had passed in the beginning began to disappear themselves as time made them superfluous. The days between my journeys became less and less important.

It had not taken long for the trip back to the city to be dreaded. I would have to reverse the ritual of dressing as he drove me to the train station. I could be fully dressed by the time he parked in front of the iron rails.

The first summer I learned more about my body than in all the summers that had preceded it together. I ran naked across flowered fields and sprawled my shaven torso in oceans of clover. I became fearless of my physical self. I took on color on my skin and tone in my muscles as they worked hard on his farm. I welcomed every time he took me, responding passionately to his assaults, spreading far apart my jaws and my sphincter as he invaded my open being.

The first winter I learned more about my fear than I had ever known. I often sat down next to the stove to try to ease my naked coldness. My body and my self were captives of the house, desperately frightened of those times when he would force me to run without shoes through the snow to gather wood for the fire. He, himself, had no other outlet for his own physical being than to use my body. I received the onslaught of his frustration on each weekend, taking the results of a winter's week of isolation every journey.

But, always, the spring would begin and we would be able to venture further out into the always more welcoming sun until once again it would be summer and our selves and our bodies would rush through forests to find swimming holes to dive into and feel completely attached to nature.

I would love him in the summer time. I would hate him in winter.

But I would always return every weekend for my pilgrimage.

He never would talk to me. He would listen when I professed my love, he would sit silently while I begged his response, he would let my anger glance off his brow if ever I dared speak it. But he would never respond to me.

Finally, I went to his farm no more. I was frightened that I would forget that he was not god.

# BIG DEAL FROM DRUMMER THE ONE THEY DEMAND

All magazines have readers who vary in loyalty to their favorite periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will look through the current issue at the stand or store and if there is something that interests them, will pick up a copy. The trouble with some gay magazines is that they can be read completely right at the newsstand in a matter of minutes. Other readers will trade off one magazine for another with their friends to save on what the cost of magazines is these days.

However, there are some publications that have such a loyal following that its readers will promptly go to their bookstore and demand the new issue, raising hell if it isn't available. We know because we get calls from newsstands and bookstores all over the country. We also get long distance calls from readers complaining that their dealer is out and wanting to know where else they can pick up the new DRUMMER. Now THAT is loyalty!

DRUMMER has never pretended to be anything it isn't nor has it ever been merely a copy of something else. It is unique, and so is its readership.

No matter what anyone else is selling them for, most of the back issues of DRUMMER are still available from us at their original cover price. Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, and 20 are sold out. Up to issue 20 the price is \$2.50, through issue 29 the price is \$3, later than that it is \$3.50. Add 50¢ for postage for each magazine. Hurry, some of the copies are getting very scarce.



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**MACH**

THE SIX DOLLAR  
MAGAZINE

# BIG MAC

BY GREG NERO

Do you ever cross your fingers and close your eyes, hoping that when you open them again some mind-blowing stud will have somehow materialized in front of you, smiling and wanting to get to know you better? I do it all the time. Nothing ever happens. Or, maybe I better say, nothing happened until last night.

There I was in a corner booth at McDonald's — of all fucking places. It was late, the overtime had been rough, and a dull throb in the back of my skull was trying to turn into World War III. Man, I felt the shits. All I wanted was some coffee in my gut before going home to crash out.

Enjoy  
*Coca-Cola*



I heard a throat clear beside me and slowly opened my eyes. Goddamn, I almost got whiplash, I straightened up so fast! There, not two feet away, was the most incredible hunk of manhood I ever saw in my life!

Now, everyone has his own idea of what a "hunk" should look like, and it isn't every day you see a guy that knocks you for a loop but, I swear, there was a hunk!

Young, no more than twenty-one. Dark, piercing eyes. Full lips tightened into a streetpunk smirk, flashing sparkling white teeth. Lean face framed by a head of black hair with not a strand out of place.

Medium height. Hard jock body. Broad shoulders, deep chest, wasp waist, arms that looked about the size of my thighs. Must have lifted a lot of weights to fill out a t-shirt like that.

His cut-offs were slung low on the hip, cut high on the legs, and bulged at the crotch. His bare legs were covered with dark silky hair, which grew thicker and blacker the closer it got to the groin and, I swear, the leg muscles rippled when he shifted his weight from one sneakered foot to the other. You always read about things like that, but to actually see it happen...

And that cock of his! Long, thick, and cut – you could see it plain as day through the fabric! So close I could have reached out and touched it. Shit, it was all I could do to keep my hands to myself.

"Got a cigarette? I ain't got enough money for both food and smokes. Help me out, huh?"

The way his eyes effortlessly held mine, there was no way I could turn him down. But, man, who would have wanted to turn him down? He was someone I'd walk a mile for, if you know what I mean.

Like some nervous kid about to pee his pants I fumbled with my cigarette pack and breathed a sigh of relief when he finally had one lit. Marlboros.

"Thanks."

I just nodded and watched stupidly while he went to the counter to place his order. Those shoulders narrowed down to the tightest as I ever saw in my life! What a fucking body! What a fucking tan! What a...

I froze when I realized he was watching me watching him. A sure, cocky smile creased the corners of his mouth.

I always thought of myself as confident and sophisticated, able to handle myself in any situation. Maybe even just a little jaded. But this kid had kicked the feet right from under me! There and then I wanted to sell my soul for just one night with him. Just one night.

"Mind if I sit down? Don't like eating alone."

I about creamed my pants when he

said that. This had to be a dream, it was happening too fast. It was all too good.

"The name's Mac," he said, before biting into his burger.

"As in Big Mac?" I hinted, feeling some of the old ease returning.

Catching the innuendo, he smiled. "Yeah."

"And I'll bet your middle name is Whopper." Shit, talk about being obvious!

He must have liked it, though, because his head went back and he let out a laugh. "You bet it is!"

"I could eat whoppers all day," I said. Where the hell was I digging up these old clichés?

"You could, huh? How about this one?" And, without another word, Mac stood up on the table and slowly slid down his cut-offs. His big meat, free of its bindings, was hard in about ten seconds.

"What the hell are you doing?" I stammered. "The fucking manager must be calling the cops by now!" I looked around to check and . . . couldn't believe my eyes. We were alone. There wasn't another person in the whole place. Just Mac and me.

I couldn't figure out what was going on!

Big Mac was sure the name for him, alright. I won't go into inches but, after all the years' experience I've had in locker rooms, I knew Mac ranked right up there with the biggest and best of them.

Bulbous cockhead, a thick baseball bat for a shaft, and two grapefruit-sized balls dangling low and heavy. All covered in a thick, black forest of hair. Pre-cum dribbled from his pisshole and fell sparkling onto the table like he was pouring the stuff from a bottle.

"What if someone sees you?" I warned, as I started licking his juice off the table.

"Who cares?" shrugged Mac, grinding his hips and dipping into a couple of low squats. Slipping his feet out of the cut-offs, he picked them up and swung them a couple of times over his head before letting go. They arced gently through the air and landed in a deep frier.

"Hot damn, I'm going to be sizzling and crispy tonight!"

"You're insane," I laughed.

"No more than you!"

Off came the t-shirt, Mac's pectorals bunched and writhed under the exertion of his flexing. His nipples were rock hard and stood out a mile. Every time he exhaled, washboard abdominals popped into view.

"Mac, you're fucking fantastic!" I screamed, pounding the table for more. "Turn around! Turn around!"

"Glad to oblige." Mac did a smart pirouette, landing on his knees, his hairy ass about five inches from my face.

Honest, even his ass rippled with muscle! Just as I was leaning forward to lick his bunghole, Mac spun around again, his monster weapon almost clubbing me across the head.

One hand squeezing the hell out of his left tit and the other whacking away at his dong, Mac's eyes were closed tight as he raced to the point of no return.

And I was racing with him! I hadn't even touched him and I felt ready to explode in a million pieces.

He started moaning. Low. Husky. Sweat poured off his body, drenching the table and splashing man-salt over me.

"I'm going to . . . going to blast off," groaned Mac, pumping harder and faster to keep pace with the spank rushing up his poker. "I'm coming . . ."

"Sir."

"I'm coming . . . commmmmmmmmmgggg . . ."

"Sir! Sir!"

"Huh? What?" Someone was nudging my shoulder.

"You okay, sir?"

"What the hell do you mean, am I okay? What the hell's going on here? Where's Mac?"

"Mac? No one called Mac here."

"Oh."

"You must have been dreaming."

"Yeh." Tell me about it, kid.

"Sounded like a good one."

"Oh, shit. What do you mean?" I started wondering what I might have been doing while visiting the twilight zone.

"Well, you kept telling someone to shoot. But, hey, don't worry, I was the only person who heard you."

For the first time, I looked past the McDonald's uniform into the smiling face.

Shit, it was another hunk! Blond, surfer-type. Shoulders the proverbial mile wide, tan like you wouldn't believe, and the deepest blue eyes I ever saw in my life. I definitely liked what I saw.

"It was a good dream. Damn good." I smiled. Hmmin, he couldn't have been more than nineteen. Probably working his way through college.

"I'd like to hear about it," he said, hitching up his pants to show the outline of a very, very hard cock. No underwear. I liked that. Devilish grin, too.

"I must be dreaming again," I said.

"No dream, I'm for real. I get off at midnight."

Somebody up there likes me. Two studs in one night. Far-fucking out. "I'll be there," I replied. "Oh, by the way. What's your name?"

"Ronald."

I tried not to choke on my coffee. "You're kidding. Really?"

"Really."

"Is your middle name Whopper?"

"What?"

"Never mind." Thank you, Mr. McDonald, wherever you are.



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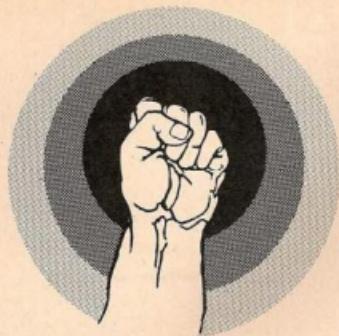
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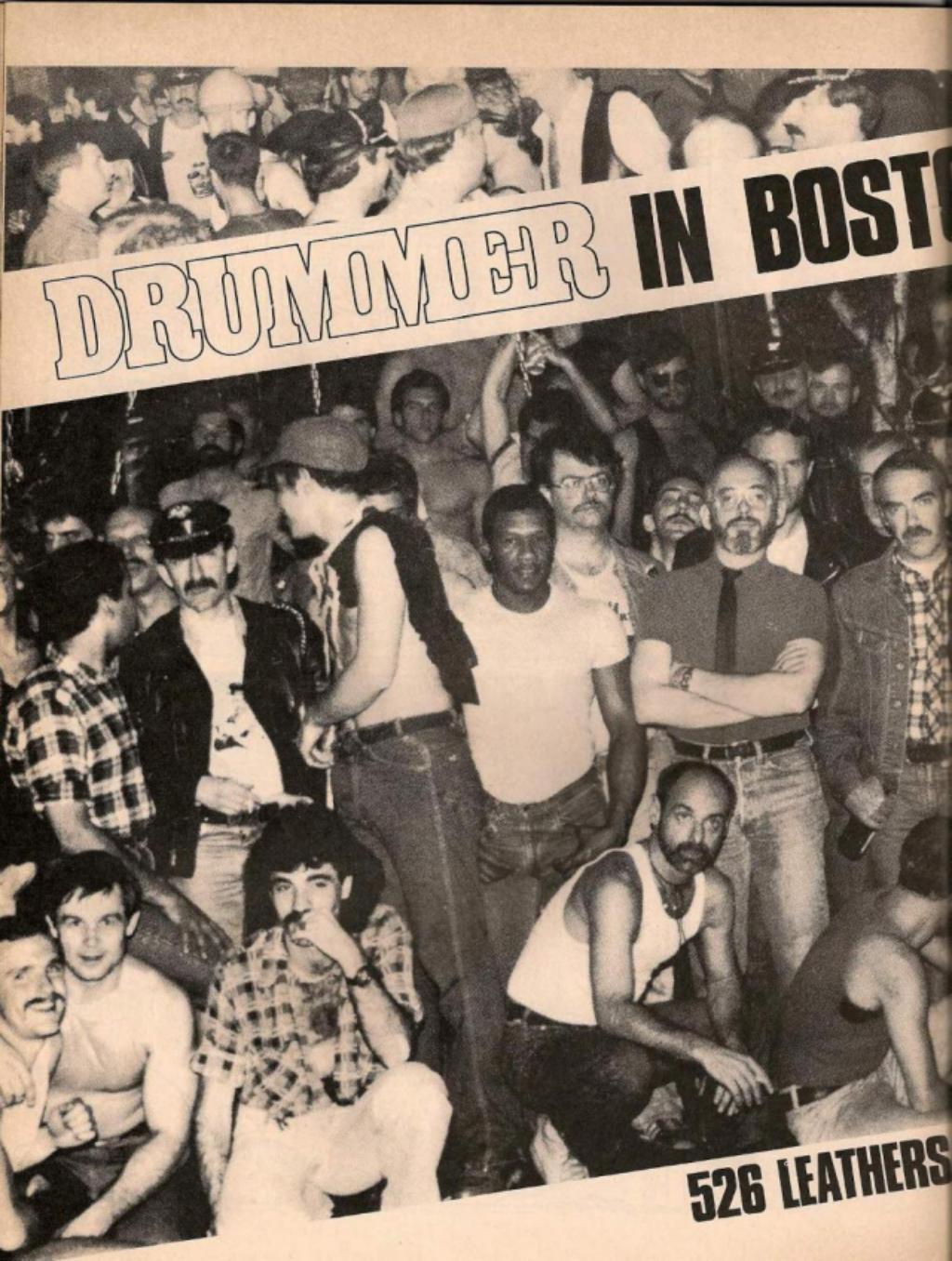
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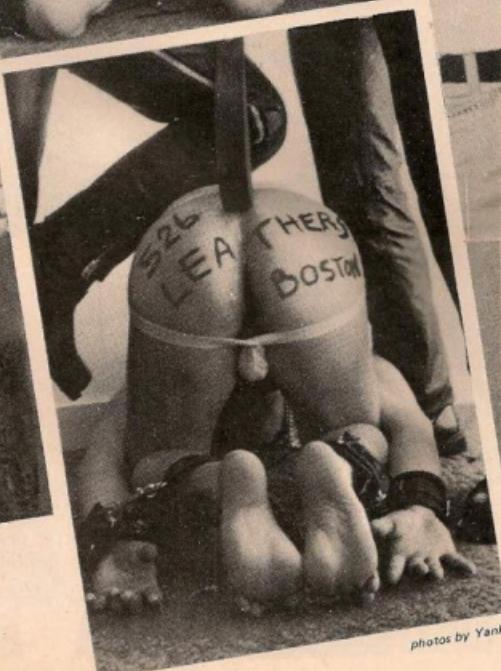






# DRUMMER IN BOSTON

526 LEATHERS



One by one the closet walls that used to surround many American cities are crumbling down with the fierce blows of the growing mass of gay men. Washington, DC used to be a study in fear and loathing. Chicago used to be a prime example of the police state gone mad, and Boston was once the perfect case history of a whole metropolis crowded into a sexual straight jacket. The true measure of gay power lies in what has happened to cities such as these. Washington is now one of the bright hot spots in the gay world, its growing gay ghettos boast some of the most impressive neighborhood restorations in the country. Chicago has moved from being a city quaking in the fear of a near gestapo police force to one of the prime examples of a political arena where gay men have achieved extensive power. And Boston! Boston is now looking proudly on a gay citizenship that is leading the way to revitalizing this proud colonial city, bringing it back to the commercial, cultural and social predominance it once took for granted.

Gary Chevetz and Timothy Marchand, the co-owners of the relatively new 526 Leathers asked Drummer to co-sponsor an event to celebrate the emergence of gay Boston, especially that part of it that shared our particular interests. We're always happy to help out the boys in the country, or so we thought when the Bostonians first approached us. We learned that Yankee ingenuity hadn't died. Those guys were out to teach us a few lessons ourselves.

Drummer Night in Boston was a true community event. Besides the co-sponsoring 526 Leathers, individuals and businesses too numerous to list completely contributed to making that Friday in May one of the year's highlights nationally. First of all, there was the party. Oh, what a party! Tickets were limited to the first 250 men who applied. They sold out with astonishing speed. Over a hundred last minute show-ups had to be turned away at the door. And the Bostonians who did get in brought the real Drummer attitude with them.

The Loft, site of the Drummer party, is usually an after-hours juice bar as famous in Beantown for its disco as for its backroom activity. The large two-story space was closed for the special event. As soon as the doors opened a legion of leather and denim men crowded in, hot to dance, hot to fuck, hot to sleaze. The energy they brought equalled the finest moments of New York's legendary sex emporiums. The honesty and pride of the leather wearers would have done justice to the most sincere of the arm South of Market in San Francisco. These were men who knew what Drummer meant. And they were out to show us just how much they identified with our image.

Closeted Boston? Every participant knew there would be pictures taken. Not a care was shown as strobe lights lit up the slings that bordered the light floor. Not a mouth stopped working when the camera turned into the darkest corners of the sex arena in the otherwise dim upstairs. Masters paraded their slaves

photos by Yank

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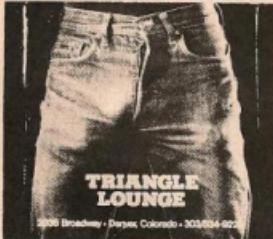
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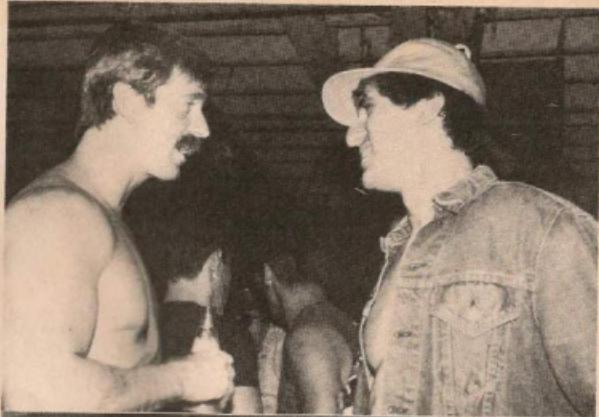
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**Miami, Florida**



proudly, studs strutted their stuff without hesitation, numbers never ceased cruising their tricks. These men were into it. If they were going to go to Drummer Night, they were going to do it right.

The deep beat of the music thumped through the night well into the dawn. It led the men on the dance floor to orgasmic heights of symbolic sex, fucking to the heat, bumping to the sounds, sweating to the music, believing in the lyrics. For others, the music and the energy and the overwhelming presence of all those men, all that leather, bodies glistening, chest being displayed in one of the first fine nights of the spring, drove them so hard they couldn't be satisfied with the symbolism of the dance floor. They lead themselves, one by one, in pairs, in groups, up the stairs and into the shadows of the fantasy land of the back room.

It was a party to be experienced. The men there knew it. All through the night they thanked themselves for coming, they congratulated each other for the group effort that produced something beyond what they had thought could be pulled off. A night to begin the summer, a night to mark the transition of Boston from the city of warm baked beans to the burg of hot, ripe meat.

And they were especially proud of their contest. Mr. Drummer/Boston was the highlight of the evening. The city's finest looking gay men paraded themselves before a wildly cheering audience with more character and more meat than we've seen at one of these contests in a long, long time. There were actually two prizes at stake: the title of Mr. Drummer/Boston and the separate opportunity to go to Chicago to represent 526 Leathers in the Mr. International Leather contest.

The choice of Mr. Drummer/Boston was a unanimous decision by the panel of local and imported judges. David Kerr, a 24-year old model with one of the smoothest, most luxuriant bodies we've seen won a unanimous, hands down decision. Physical appearance was a big part, but attitude played just as important a role. You haven't seen anyone wear a collar with as much ease and pride as this young man. He strode out onto the stage with that piece of leather around his neck and with a gapping hole displaying a near perfect rounded, jockstrapped ass and let everyone there know that while he might not be the hot-hairy-hung-stud of a master, here was a man proud to be leather, proud to let that audience know just who he was and just what he wanted. I couldn't help but think as I stood there watching him parade on the stage that here was Jamie, the perfect Jamie-type from *Mr. Benson*. If I had looked for a model to convey just who I had envisioned Jamie to be, this would have been him.

It's to the credit of Boston that they could elect this guy their title winner. It's time we all got over the adulation of the perfect top and started giving some recognition to the man trying to be the perfect bottom. But that's not to say that those same judges didn't do well when they chose the entry for the Mr. International Leather contest. Michael Pinjone may come as close as a man of his

young age can to being the fawless image of the Italian stud — complete with broad chest, bulging arms and thickly haired chest. When that second contest winner was announced, the crowd went just as wild. They could all see quality in many different forms that night.

And the night went on after that. The three finalists got to keep their party going for the whole weekend with two nights in Provincetown. We have to give credit where credit is due. Too often the sponsors of these "Mr." whatever contests use the bodies and images of the contestants with sharp callousness. They get them to walk up and down a stage in their jocks as a lure for more paying customers. Drummer Night was a non-profit gift to the city of Boston from 526

Leathers. It was a fine example of a gay business giving back to the community. And the winners got more than a handshake and a thank you from the promoters. They all received extensive clothes, their expenses paid for two days at P-town (with the elegant Anchor Inn providing free rooms) and much more than the usual token gifts. Of course, Michael also got his trip to Chicago, where the young stud made a heavy impression, so we're told, on the other contestants there.

It was a fucking good party, a great crowd, a good job by the hosts. And it was all enough that it even made me a little wasted when it was over. If you think that's no small deed, check out this chapter of *Mr. Benson*.

— Jack Prescott





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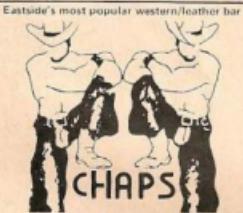
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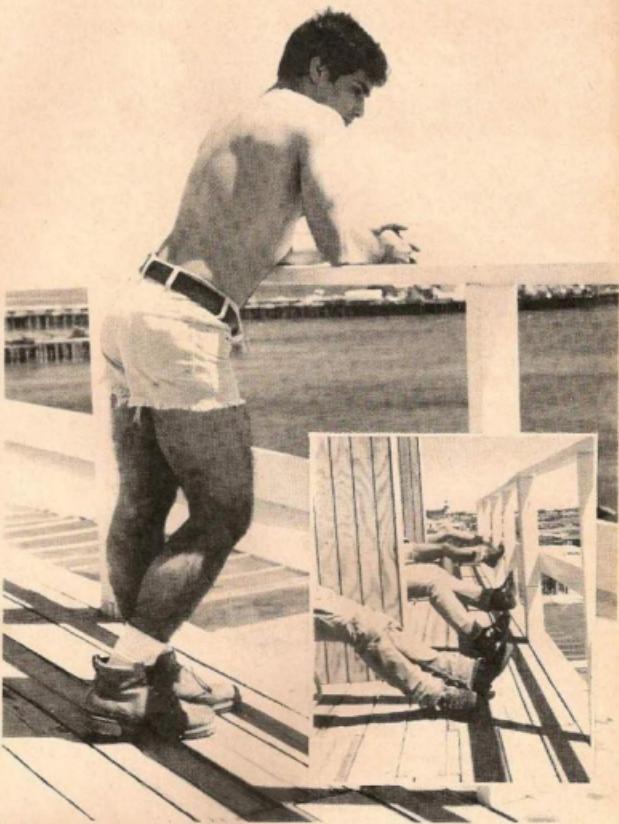


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## PROVINCETOWN

photos by Yank

Drummer's trip to Boston gave us another chance to check out Provincetown, one of our favorite resorts and a site of Drummer Tours last year.

It's easy to treat P-town as though it were a simple summer spot where you could go and find a place for some quick and good sex to go with your tan, but it really is more. Provincetown and much larger cities such as New York and San Francisco and a very few other resorts - maybe Key West and Fire Island - are those places where people go to learn to be gay. Really. It's fascinating to go to P-town and watch all the men from all the small cities and many of the larger

cities across the country who come to Cape Cod and exchange information, sexual knowledge, social conduct. Those national, and even international, networks of interaction that center on our "capital cities" are just one more proof that we're a much more complex and mature people than we usually realize.

Provincetown remains a wonderful place to go to meet a large selection of open, friendly gay men and women. It also remains one of the physically most beautiful resorts on the East Coast and one of the most satisfying places to soothe your gourmet palate for good food.

DRUMMER'S PROVINCETOWN  
DIRECTORY

*Backstreet Bar*, Bradford and Garver Streets. Disco, denim and all the leather in town.

*The Crown and Anchor*, 247 Commercial Street. This is actually a complex of bars — The Gym, The Cellar, The Back Door and The Lobby. Every year it seems that the bars in the complex change their clientele a little.

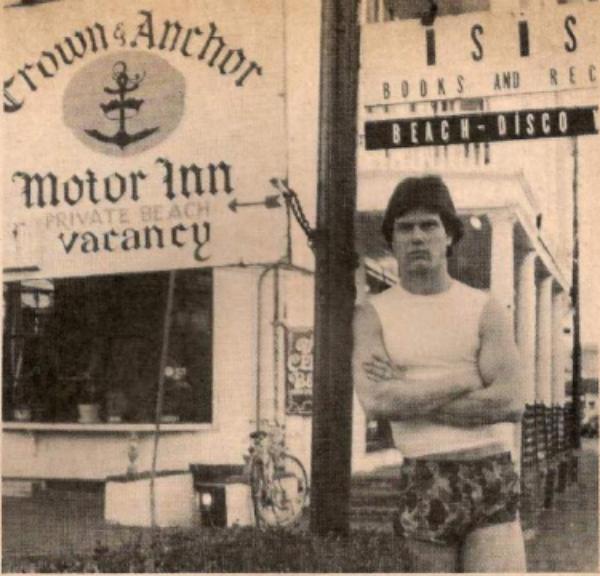
One year the Cellar was trying to be a leather bar, another it was strictly for gay women. You just have to take a quick look in the doors of each of the bars and you'll see what's on this year's agenda.

*The Atlantic House*, 4-6 Masonic Place. The classic Provincetown bar which has a decent claim to being one of the oldest gay bars in the country in continual existence. A nostalgic juke box plays in a delightful small barroom. Disco blares next door in the larger dance bar.

*The Boatslip*, 161 Commercial Street. Between 3:30 and 6:30 pm everyone flocks back from the beaches and ends up here for Tea Dance. The bar sits beside this motel's pool and behind them is a handy small beach that many of the locals use for sun. The result — flesh, flesh, flesh. Tea Dance may be one of the most sexually stimulating trips to a bar you ever take!

**Accommodations:** Rooms in Provincetown's guest houses are a reasonable buy during High Season, July 4 to Labor Day. They become down right cheap in the off-season. For elegance you can't do better than *The Captain and His Ship*, 164 Commercial Street, (617) 487-1850. It's convenient to the Boatslip across the street and that makes their little courtyard one of the best seats in town for men watching as the parade comes and goes every afternoon. Another comfortable house is *Anchor Inn*, 175 Commercial Street, (617) 487-0432. *Victoria House*, 5 Standish Street (617) 487-1319 is right there in the middle of P-town's center. *Haven House* is one of our favorites, 12 Carver Street, (617) 487-3031. It's a three-building complex with a swimming pool and an always friendly clientele. For a touch of Drummer sleaze, you'll enjoy *The Sea Drift Inn*, 80 Bradford Street, (617) 487-3686. But don't go saying we didn't warn you if you climb into that hot tub of theirs — the stories we've heard! *The Dunes Motel*, Box 361, Bradford Street Extension, (617) 487-1956 is a very good modern motel. One of the its biggest advantages is house-keeping rooms with kitchenettes that can help stretch your vacation dollars by letting you prepare meals in your room.

**Information:** The gay-oriented businesses of Provincetown have set up a gay chamber of commerce which has set up a handy informative brochure for gay tourists. Write: The Provincetown Business Guild, Box 421, Provincetown, Massachusetts 02657 for a free copy which will include full transportation information.



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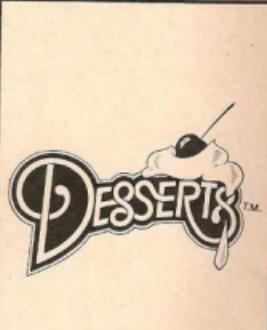
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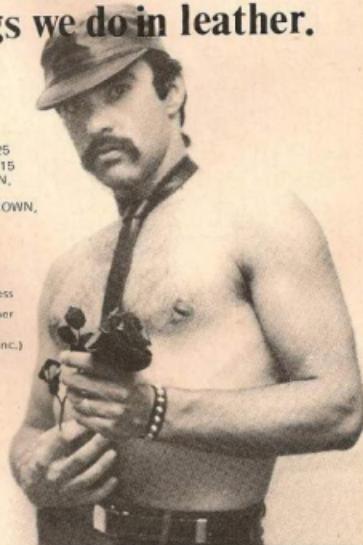
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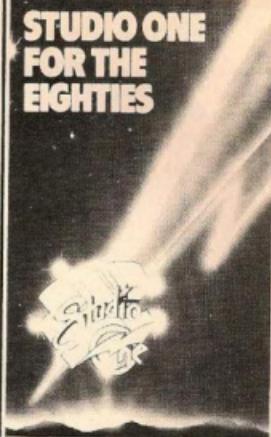


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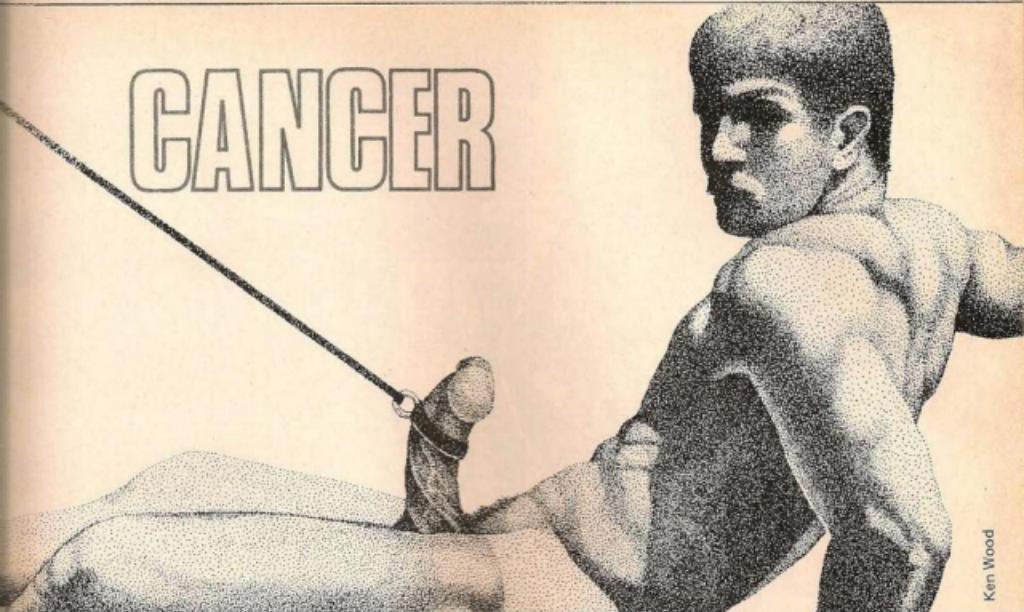
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# CANCER



Ken Wood

June 21-

## ASTROLOGIC

~July 22

**CANCER S:** (June 21-July 22) You are a relatively stable, conservative person, frequenting the same bars and baths all the time. You are also relatively dull.

**CANCER M:** You frequent the same old haunts because being on a treadmill is part of being an M. Still, you must always ask your S's permission before treading too far.

**LEO S:** (July 23-Aug. 22) Piercing can be lots of fun . . . of course, not for the piercer, but then that's what makes it *fun*!

**LEO M:** Wouldn't you love to feel those long, hot needles piercing through your tender flesh and then being hung up to drip dry? You wouldn't? . . . Good!

**VIRGO S:** (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Do you sometimes feel less an S because you're too tall or too short? Turn the obvious into assets. After all, being perfect isn't supposed to be easy.

**VIRGO M:** If you just can't seem to get enough good, old-fashioned humiliation and degradation, try owning a gay bar, then you can serve every queen in town.

**LIBRA S:** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Take up jogging to harden your hot ass. Let your cock flop out of the leg of your shorts as you jog along and see what that does for everyone else's ass.

**LIBRA M:** Jogging is not what you need to harden your ass . . . *flogging* is what you need!

**SCORPIO S:** (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Summertime and the living is easy. Make living more difficult for some deserving masochist.

**SCORPIO M:** And when it comes to living, remember that Life is like a cock: when it's hard you get fucked, and when it's soft you just can't beat it.

**SAGITTARIUS S:** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) Warm weather means bike runs to the danger-loving, adventurous Sag-fag. Try crater camping while rimming Mt. St. Helens.

**SAGITTARIUS M:** Try to combine your love of adventure with eroticism-for-pay. Get a job as a shoe salesman in a leather boutique so you can enjoy putting boots on the feet of hot men while being paid to feed your fetish.

**CAPRICORN S:** (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Celebrate Independence Day this July by freeing one of your slaves. Make sure it's the ugliest one in your harem—unless you're an M or a damn fool!

**CAPRICORN M:** If your Master won't free you, escape! Think of the hot breath of pursuing dogs on your trail while they track you down and punish you severely for escaping. Harriet Tubman you ain't!

**AQUARIUS S:** (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) Wanna really hurt your favorite masochist? Marry a woman and invite him to be your best man at the wedding.

**AQUARIUS M:** Show how much of an M you really are: volunteer to go along on the honeymoon and serve them breakfast in bed.

**PISCES S:** (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Start a Pyramid scheme using Marines. Put in two leathernecks and get back sixteen when your name reaches the top.

**PISCES M:** Start a slave pyramid for your Master's benefit, and be sure to keep your name on the bottom (a familiar position for you).

**ARIES S:** (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) With summer in full swing, take your slave to the beach and pound sand up his ass with your fist. Use Lube only to keep the sand from running out.

**ARIES M:** If you find fist fucking a pain in the ass you must still be tight, or your Master doesn't know that he's supposed to remove his wrist watch.

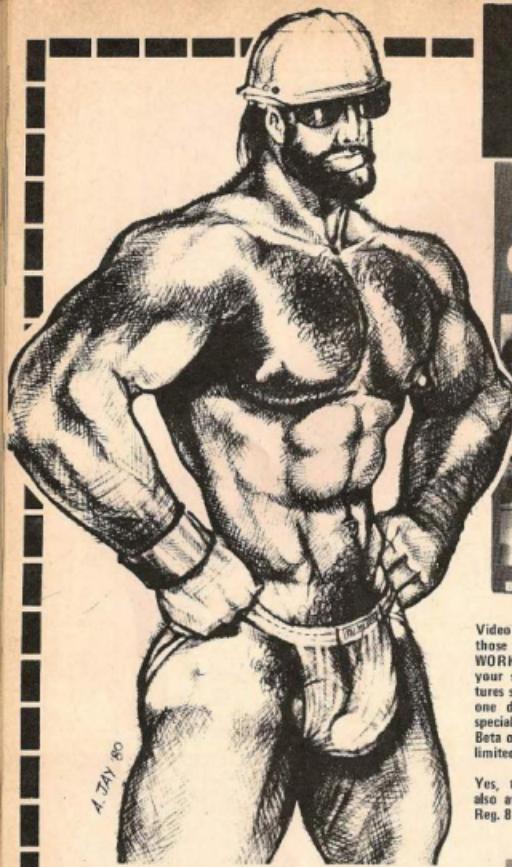
**TAURUS S:** (Apr. 20-May 20) Going away for the summer? Don't forget to get your slave a chastity butt plug.

**TAURUS M:** The only butt plug that would serve you would be the nose cone from a Titan missile.

**GEMINI S:** (May 21-June 20) If you're uncircumcised, give your slave a surprise treat . . . hide MDA under your foreskin.

**GEMINI M:** Give your Master an even bigger surprise and hide syphilis up your asshole.

— by Aristide



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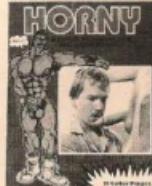
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# DRUMMER Reads The Books

## SEX AND SATIRE

Reay Tannanhill achieved some fame with a volume on *Food In History* a while ago. She has followed it up with an even more fascinating book, *Sex in History* (Stein and Day, \$17.95). Though she claims no political vantage point, Tannanhill points her wicked, wry British humor to the heterosexual male establishment and to the church in particular as she outlines the evolution of today's sexual values. One quick paragraph on the church's evaluation of sex will give you a good example:

*By some mysterious alchemy, sexual purity came to neutralize other sins, so that even the moral oppression and physical barbarity that became characteristic of the Christian church in later medieval and Renaissance times scarcely appeared as sins at all in comparison with the sins of sex and heresy. It was quite an accomplishment.*

The book has a broad scope, and pays more than passing attention to some historical aspects of homosexuality that have received little notice: One of the reasons the Aztecs attracted the hatred of the Conquistadors was their support of adolescent homosexuality — something that drove Cortez up the wall. The Mayans also had open homosexual so-

cieties. The author also pays note of the Urning's alliance, a homosexual underground network that existed in Germany decades before the pre-World War 2 Hirshfeld group. These mentions are too few and too brief, even if they do give more attention to homosexuality than almost any other sexual history book. That feeling is intensified since the one volume covers the history of sex throughout recorded history... quite an attempt. Still, it's highly entertaining reading, very well-written and very informative.

A little more esoteric, but still worthy of mention are two facsimile reprints from DeCapo: a 1935 biography, *Dagileff: His Artistic and Private Life* (\$6.95) by Arnold Haskell in collaboration with Walter Nouvel and Noel Coward's 1947 *Autobiography* (\$7.95). Both are interesting and well done. Because of Herbert Ross' movie *Nijinsky*, there has been a revival of interest in the dancer and his relationship with Dagileff, making the reissue of the first title timely. Coward is of timeless interest.

Strawberry Hill Press has put out a volume of cartoons entitled *The Closet* (Trade paperback, \$5.95). Since it's a small press book, you might not find it in a lot of bookstores, but it's worth the hassle of ordering by mail, which you can



— from *The Closet* by Gary de Maria

do directly from the publisher (2594 Fifteenth Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94127). It's a satiric look at gay life in the big city. Cartoonist Gary de Maria is strongest examining the foibles of clone-life in the bars and bushes, but he's also insightful dealing with the life of a gay man's school-age daughter. And if you think this one's funny, wait until you see *Cartoons From Punch* (St. Martin's Press, \$8.95). That British humor goes at it again with swipes at everything, not the least of which is gay life.

— John Preston

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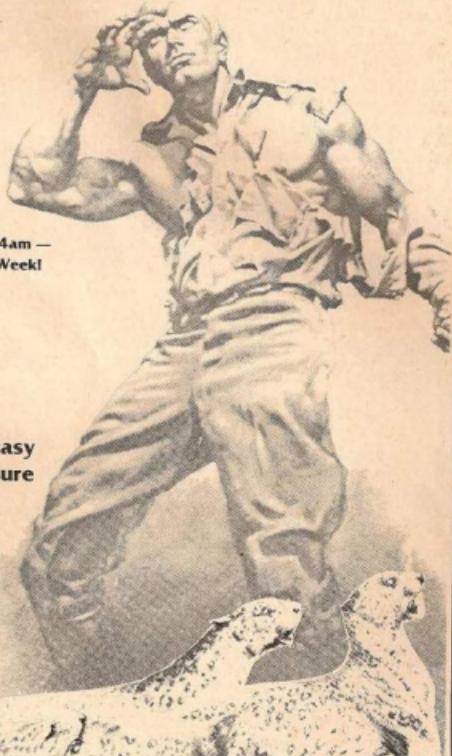
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GETTING OFF  
(Continued from page 6)  
mindless moron.

But the most offensive attitude is that a leatherman must have some philosophical framework, preconceived, predetermined, almost preordained about how he conducts himself, and his lifestyle and his relationship to other leather men.

Bullshit. If there is a last bastion of independence, it is the ability of the sexual outlaw (and that's what leather men are all about) to decide their own sexual destiny. It can be as singular as wearing leather in private, as plural as wearing leather twenty four hours a day. It can be the independence of dictating what sex and when and how to another man, or having those decisions decided for you by your buddy.

It can mean heavy-duty, S&M, or exclusive fisting, or a non-visible lifelong commitment between two men to exercise the power of one over the other.

What it doesn't mean is accepting someone else's concept of what you and your sex are all about — or whether you qualify to call yourself a leatherman. You already qualify.

The irony of the conversation with the stranger is that the mutual friend doesn't wear leather at all and is only interested in one form of sexual expression. But the stranger, unsure of his own sexuality, found it necessary to prescribe a set of standards so that he could feel he really belonged in that leather bar on that night.

— John W. Rowberry

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# THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

*(Editor's Note: This will inaugurate a new monthly feature, as Larry Townsend, well-known and much read author of books on leather and S&M, has agreed to attempt answering some of the many personal problems our readers write about.)*

This is my initial column for DRUMMER, and since I am not a San Francisco resident, and do not have access to their voluminous files — the first letters dealt with will be recent ones I have received. If you have a question or problem that you think I might be able to answer, let me hear from you.

Dear Larry,

I'm a man in my middle fifties, and until just the last couple of years I have been married and raising a family. The kids are all grown and gone, now, and I have separated from my wife. I have known for some time that I was really more interested in men than women, but I never was able to do much about it. Recently, I read your book (*Leatherman's Handbook*), and now I know that this is the type of life I really want. I'm sure that I could be a good M for somebody, but I live in (small town in midwest) and don't know where to start. I'm not particularly good-looking or well-hung, but I'm really hot to try it! Do you think there's a chance for me?

Middleaged and hopeful

Dear Middleaged:

The only basic difference between you and the average leatherguy your age is experience, or lack thereof. Your chances of acquiring this missing element (small town in midwest) is practically nil. All I can suggest is that you make the decision: Do you stay where you are, where you probably have a reasonable degree of comfort and security, or do you try to make it in one of the big cities? If you're looking for a 25-year-old Colt model type to fall madly in love with you and become your master, you aren't

facing reality. If you're looking for an older guy to assume the role and become your "meaningful relationship," you've got as much chance as anyone else. There are a lot of hot men around who aren't exactly chicken, and many of them wouldn't win any beauty contests; but they seem to do all right.

Dear Mr. Townsend:

I have been in the scene for quite a while, and like most guys I started out on the bottom. Lately, though, I've been almost exclusively top. I know this question may seem silly, but it's really bugging me and I wish you could give me your opinion. When I have my M all strung up and into a heavy session, I frequently get the urge to swing on his dick. I mean, I really want to do it! But I don't, because I'm afraid it will ruin the roles. What do you think?

Fairly experienced top

Dear Top:

When you're in charge, the only limits you observe are those established between yourself and your slave — and, of course, those dictated by common sense. If you really want to do this, who's to stop you? And done properly (or imaginatively) it can be a real turn-on for the M. If he's blindfolded and doesn't know you're going to do it; if he's not hard and your services to correct the situation result in a suitable punishment; if your ministrations are coupled with a little TT or ball work . . . etc. I'm sure your fertile mind can add many other variations.

Dear Mr. Townsend, Sir!

My Master told me to write you and ask about building equipment for our dungeon. We are going to build it in the basement of my house, but we live outside (a large eastern city) and we don't know anyplace where we can buy things like racks, and so we figure we have to make them ourselves. Is there any place where we can get plans and stuff? We've got plenty of room. We're just not sure where to start.

A bumble slave

Dear Slave —

I've checked through the back issues of Drummer, but I can't find the ad which somebody ran some time ago. (It may have been in another publication.) At the moment I do not know of anyone who can supply the sort of plans you need. Perhaps one of our readers will be kind enough to provide the information. However, I would note that most of us who have the skill to make the blackroom appliances can usually come up with at least a functional approximation of the item(s) we want. You can see many examples of equipment depicted in Drummer or other leather-oriented books and magazines, and you can see that they are basically quite simple in their construction. Be glad you have plenty of room, because the worst problem is trying to build something to fit a restricted space, or to fold out of the way when not in use. Anyway, keep your eye on this column, and I'll let you know when someone sends me the address of a designer-plan maker.



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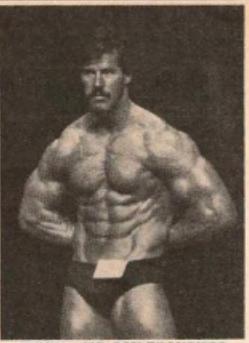
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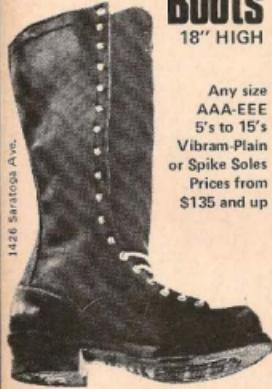
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Heinz Swoboda, Box 500104, 405 Monchengladbach 5, West Germany is interested in big motorbikes, leather, oil wrestling, bodybuilding and horses.



## FLORIDA ANIMAL

Hot rough masters looking for a hot bearded animal slave should look to this animal who gives total service. J. Robert, 3815 South Miami Ave., Miami, FL 33129.



## SAN FRANCISCO VERSATILE

Weightlifter into FF and WS wants to connect with same. See ad in Drumbeats, No. 746.

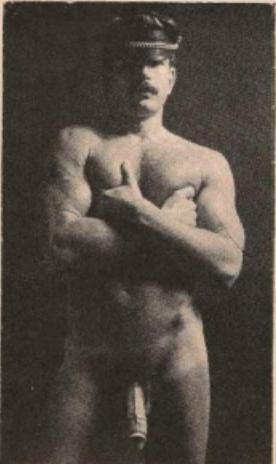


## GEORGIA DADDY

This hot Southern man is into big men and weightlifters, from fluff to heavy S&M, and is a definite top.

## CALIFORNIA STUD

D.I., No. 8733, The Quarters, Box 3119, San Francisco, CA 94119.



Drummer's Tough Customers are just what the name implies, ready and willing — but hard to please tops and bottoms. And there's nothing as up-front as a Drummer man, right? That's why these studs are here, to show you what they've got and to see if you're man enough to handle it. Want to join them? Then let's see what you've got, stud. Send your black and white photos to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103. If it's good enough, you'll see it here. Photos cannot be returned.



#### CANADIAN RUBBER

This country stud is into hip rubber boots, leather, scat, and is 34, level-headed and needs a buddy. If you send a photo when you write, things could get hot. Box 13, Reserve Mines, Nova Scotia, Canada B0A 1V0.

#### KINKY GEORGIA

This mountain man is looking for hot and kinky correspondence, tape and photo exchange with other muscular leather men. He wants to swap stiff jocks. LF No. 646.

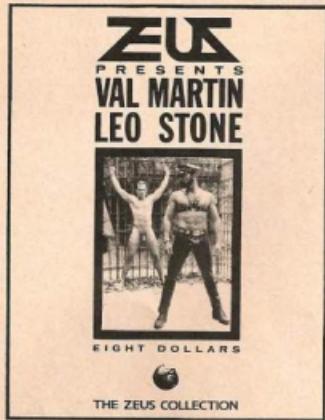


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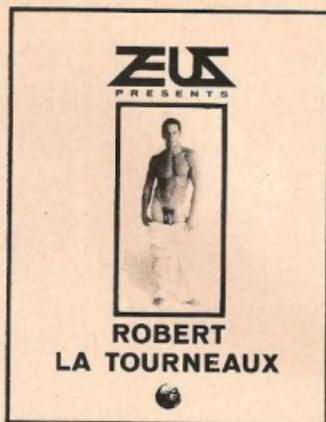
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The hot new photo story magazine from ZEUS. Leather legend Val Martin kidnaps sweaty muscular construction worker Leo Stone and forces him deep into his private prison for a heavy working over. Unexpectedly roles are reversed and a violent give and take struggle for topman ensues. Erotic muscle B&D at its best from ZEUS. A guaranteed sell out: order your copy now.

ZM-84 Val Martin/Leo Stone magazine 52 pages 8½" x 11" \$8.00 plus \$1.00 for first class postage/handling



Surely a classic among cinema fantasies is the birthday present from the film "The Boys in the Band." That fantasy's name is Robert La Tourneau: actor, singer, model and a decidedly genuine person in spite of his commanding presence. ZEUS takes enormous pleasure in presenting a collection of photographs of La Tourneau/actor captured in "roles" by master lensman Jim Hawkins.

ZM-87 Robert La Tourneau magazine 48 pages 8½" x 11" 16 pages of color \$8.50 plus \$1.00 for first class postage/handling.

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# Tough Shit.

## SHIT TO DEATH

Mayor Monica K. Myers, of Betterton, Maryland, slipped off a catwalk over the municipal wastewater treatment plant and drowned in a tank of shit.

"It's just like putty, and she didn't have a chance to get out," said Betterton's Chief Deputy.

Ms. Myers became mayor of Betterton last April when Mayor Charles Clark was killed in an automobile accident.

There is no word yet if Alan Carr (*Can't Stop The Music*) will buy the option for the screen rights.

## RANCH HAND FOR RENT

A Minnesota court found Richard Meeks, a 43-year-old farmer, guilty on two charges of kidnapping. He was accused of forcing Donald Schott, 21, into his car and holding him at the Meeks farm for three days and two nights.

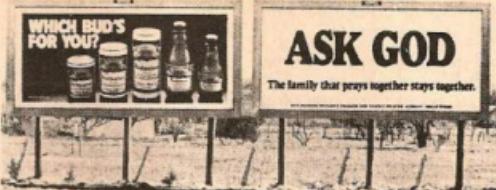
Mr. Schott and other witnesses testified that he was forced to shovel shit and do other chores while in chains. He said he spent two nights chained to a post in a grain bin.

Mr. Meeks' sons, Donald, 19, and Darrel, 20, who pleaded guilty to falsely imprisoning Mr. Schott, also await sentencing.

It was not stated how much shit Mr. Schott managed to shovel during the course of his imprisonment, nor what other chores he performed while in chains. Applications to fill the vacancy created by the freeing of Mr. Schott should be sent to the Meeks Farm, Preston, Minnesota.

## ASK GOD

The family that prays together stays together.



This juxtaposition of billboards in Texas, as reported in *Advertising Age*, not only solves the eternal question, but clearly demonstrates that the Lone Star state is the undisputed capitol of brewin' and brayin'.

## CATHOLIC S&M

The parents of several students at a Catholic grade school say nuns tied their children to chairs, isolated them in a windowless "hole" and made them stand in the desert in 100-degree heat as disciplinary measures.

A spokesman for the San Bernardino Catholic Diocese in California said that church officials were looking into the complaints of "cruel and unusual punishment" at Our Lady of Perpetual Help elementary school in the desert town of Indio, east of Palm Springs.

Said one of the parents, "... it's right out of the Middle Ages. We expect the thumbscrews next."

*The Sacramento Bee*



## MANS IMAGE?

A recent mailing from Mans Image, a New York photo studio that usually produces male magazines and photo sets of very good beef, was devoted to what appears to be their new line — transvestites. But beyond the usual man-into-woman drag, these magazines feature pre-operative transsexuals (which means: they got tits and they got balls, take your pick). There are sixteen titles illustrated, which says that this is one fetish on the rise.

## BLUEBOY BOOTTED

MIAMI — The Directors of Donemb, Inc., DBA San Francisco, voted to remove Donald Embinder, publisher of *Blueboy Magazine*, as president of their corporation which operates the newly-opened private club San Francisco at 2980 S.W. 27th Ave. in Coconut Grove.

Jack Campbell, president of the Club Miami and DCCHR, was elected in the vacancy created by Embinder's removal.

One of the directors told *The Weekly News* that Embinder's presidency was less than ethical in its approach to business procedures and inept in the handling of charges of discrimination against women as members of the club.

Embinder's reaction to his removal can be summed up by the one line telegram which he sent to Campbell and other directors: "It's people like you that give fairies a bad name."

*The Weekly News*

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WOODLAND HILLS, M, Pisces, 40, 5'10", white, 165 lbs, 8"; enjoys cock and ball action, catheters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master, 3-ways. Box 132M.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 6'1", 165 lbs, white, 6", very curious, willing and eager to learn complete submission, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No manipulation, physical handicapped. Box 208.

#### L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer-drinking cigar-smoker, for a mounted dirt driller with rank smells, slimmed down from a crudely uncouth cock, very greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Digs splitting, pisssing, shitting, puking, sweating and farting. Gets off with chains, sirens, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294V.

LOS ANGELES, S, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs, solid, muscular, masculine stud, 7" cut; looking for masculine, slender or muscular man under 55, white. Not interested in fucking anything I wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C.

LOS ANGELES, M, 42, 6", 165 lbs, white into Leather/levis seeks S for S&M, B&D and especially C/S torture. No scat. Box 660.

#### L.A. AREA SADIST

145 lbs, 5'10", br/bi, 39, cock, ball torture with or without bondage, Any race, no fatties, over 30. Box 663.

LOS ANGELES, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 155 lbs, white, 6"; knowledgeable, attractive, imaginative stud is good top man for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, fms, fata. Love sex. Box 133.

Applications for full-time, live-in slave now being accepted. I am a 30-year-old independent contractor, bodybuilder, dominant and sadistic. You are 20-30, submissive, honest, not afraid of torture, 150 lbs, 5'10", and heavy pain when demanded. You tow the line and I'll treat you right. Mail photo, list of experience, and sincere request to: 956 Oak St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

#### TITS AND ASS

LOS ANGELES, 40s, stocky hairy body, shaved head wants bare warmers and warmers for long, reciprocal spanking, tit-pinchin, enemas, and more. Prefer mature, clean non-smokers who'd rather do it than talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709.

#### LA UNCUT WANTED

With 145 lbs, 5'10", 8" thick, 8" plus, hairy, to 45, who is tired of unfulfilled one night stands, needing quality daily action by goodlooking blond, 39, 5'10", 145. Eager to worship your special commodity with experienced service. Write with photo and phone to Box 733.

#### SF BONDAGE VICTIM

Slender body for shaving, torture, experiments. Hoods, masks, cages, prolonged immobility, suspension, mummification. Box 717.

#### FRANCISCO FANTASTICS

Two hot topmen: blonde, mustache, smooth, dark, beard, hairy, 30s, seek submissive, good-time girls for super 3-ways. Explicit letter (photo), phone: 135 Leadley, San Francisco 94131.

LOS ANGELES, M, 53, 5'8", 173 lbs, Gemini, 6" cut, well used ass, into sex, smell and taste of leather, desires to be controlled by a dominant Master. I am a novice with a lot to learn. Box 67.

ONE of S.F.'s hottest topmen, that's what I've been called. I've never advertised before and probably won't again. I'm 28. If you're a submissive, masculine, muscular, young man, 30+, Native American, Air Force dude, good-looking, to be trained by me who knows how, write with photo. D.J., c/o The 15th, P.O. Box 99668, San Francisco, CA 94109.

SACRAMENTO, S, 35, 5'8", 160 lbs, goodlooking, muscular, dominant. Looking for young man, totally submissive bottom. All scenes considered. Descriptive letter, photo/phone to D. Master, P.O. Box 161687, Sacramento, CA 95816.

Looking for young handsome guy for fun and friendship in Long Beach area. I'm young, goodlooking. Phone and picture. Box 719.

HUNG COWBOY, Capricorn, 51, 6', 195 lbs, 8"x8" wants sex slave, digs scenes, etc. Box 61. Van Nuys, CA 91408.

NORWALK, S looking for 18-30 who is willing to serve and can take what I dish out. I am 23, 5'6", 125 lbs. Box 706.

HAYWARD, S, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs, 8" cut, muscular, goodlooking, looking for attractive, well built guys who are versatile and responsive. No fags, fets, fols, fobby, older out. Should have good build and be into leather, levis or uniforms. Box 402.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/L.A. White slave, 25, 6", 165 lbs, good-looking, S&M, B&D, C/S, needs master who is willing to train me properly. Already into light S&M, bondage, leather, jock straps, wrestling, w/s, outdoor scenes, uniforms. Whatever else you desire, but no heavy pain or scat. Prefer master with hard body and beard or mustache, but not necessarily. Box 127.

LONG BEACH AREA wants wanted by blonde/blue eyed 26-year-old, 150 lbs, 5'10", 7" uncot, not w/m, D/B, mostly average action, any race, need to be with mature, healthy cock. Not cuts under 30. P.O. Box 4356, Torrance, CA 90510.

SAN DIEGO, SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs, 8" cut, has well-qualified game room for sex, with Masters or slaves, open to erotic, well-experienced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 25, clean, in leather or levis. Box 667.

KINKY FILTHY HOT 31, 5'7", 130 lbs, 8" cut, looking for hot, totally uninhibited male to enjoy my playful play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B/D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, out-door scenes, exhibitions. Active, to give, receive or take. Bindings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.

GLENDALE, SM, 38, 5'11", 152 lbs, 8" uncot. Chinese/Asian, medium/muscular build, intense total sexual sensuality. Looking for men in shape, 8" or bigger, with small hands. No pain, body odor, stupidity. Box 65.

AVALON, SM, Leo/Virgo cusp, 39, 5'10", 145 lbs, 8" uncot. An evil and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring my personal limits of my mind-blowing orgasms, which I wish to share in either role (prefer dominant). Must have boat live on island. Seek MC riders for summer runs. No body odor, bad teeth or soft bellies. Box 318V.

PIGS WANTED San Francisco. Two hot pig farmers, both w/m, S, 37, 5'8", 140 lbs, 7" cut. M, 40, 5'11", 155 lbs, 8" cut. Have sty, toys, FFA, WS, enemas, tits, ass eating and other games. Photo gets photo. Write: Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131. No scat.

SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs, semi-muscular, 6 1/2" cut, looking for masculine, aggressive men, 25-45, 5'8" or taller, under 200 lbs. Looking for men into trying new things. Box 256.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs, white, 8" cut, black hair, blue eyes, mustache, good-looking, non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full-time biker/leatherman who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather master. I am 26, 5'11", 130 lbs. I desire to learn, serve, respect and love a man who is secure with his position; a real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fets, or fms. Photo please. Sir Box 117.

PALM SPRINGS, M, 24, 6'2", 180 lbs, desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/leather a turn-on. Box 902.

Hairy guy into raunchy rock straps, WS, and hairy leather. Digs having his crotch licked and his boots pissed on. D, 165 lbs, 8", white, 3'2". Photo in jock strap and leather jacket a must. Box 967.

HOT LOS ANGELES S, wim, 40, 6'1", 170 lbs, requires slave to serve. One nighters, roommate, lover. Box 661.

SADISTIC & GENUINE Bodybuilder, 180, 160 lbs, 29" waist, 41" chest, needs other bodybuilders and men who dig testicular pain, stretching, weights. No marks or damage, just deliberate chest and genital pain for men who know what they like. Write 955 Oak St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

SAN FRANCISCO, hot, trim, 34 masculine, seeks same for leathersex and leather bondage. Send photo, phone. Box 638.

SLAVE DANNY LOS ANGELES AREA. I am more beautiful in bondage than in freedom, and I will submit to tortures, piercing, shaving, photography, to you, to your group. I need a Master to be pleased with and proud of me. Box 35.

HAYWARD, S, muscular, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs, 8" cut; looking for hot, well-built bottom with eager-to-please masculine appearance, under 35. Into all scenes with responsive partners. Box 402.

W/m, masculine, husky hunk, 49, 6'3", 235 lbs, virile, experienced, into leather, bottom for my size, 30 plus, only two or three play body contacts. One on one possible. California bodybuilders, cowboys, leathermen, etc. reply to Box 170.

FREAKY INCEST FANTASIES MUSICAL, sweaty, foul-mouthed stud, 36, 5'10", 175 lbs, 18-35, super, far-cut into, fantasy trips, Daddy, little boy, or brother scenes, maybe both shaved. Long j/o sessions, filthy talk. Experienced, washed preferred. Box 738.

W/M, smooth, desperately seeking firm guidance and training from mature, dominant, experienced, willing to consider inexperienced, unfulfilled, but needful 31 year old. My Master would command respect from his person, not his brutality. Box 737.

PIERCER Two hot men want their frenums pierced, 1", 1 1/2", 2" rings. Experienced, hot, big dicks only. Send photo, etc. Box 65, Guerneville Park, CA 95446.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130 lbs, white, bearded bottom for rim/seat. Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions. Box 101SF.

#### COLORADO

Slate needs master, P.O. Box 18605, Denver, CO 80218.

LEATHER TRAINING Old timer experienced leatherman to young, new, beginner or advanced, on temporary or lifetime live-in basis. Master will support efforts to achieve physical, career, educational and leathersex goals! Instructor c/o Mountain Men, Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218.

Will write to all goodlooking, well built guys wearing leather pants, jackets, high top boots. Ed Moyer, Box 616, Silverton, CO 81433. Include photo.

#### CONNECTICUT

STAMFORD S with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 95% to forcefeed your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Box 707.

SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs, 8" cut, well-used ass; looking for tall, well-built, well hung stud. Box 965.

MYSTIC, S, Aries, 50s, 5'10", 175 lbs, white, 8", hairy, old. Experienced top man will train uninhibited, honest partner to 50. No drugs, phones, dildars, fags, fets. Box 329.

Those who want a dominant and experienced leather Master, send me your application. This is for friends of the Leather/Lewi/S&M scene. Tortures, bondage and other interesting items will be used on acceptable applicants. Box 51E.

S, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs, husky, hairy, 6" cut, masculine, firm; seeks clean-cut slave, 18-35, white, slim or muscular, into bondage and discipline, toys, willing to serve and obey. Box 257.

DIST. OF COLUMBIA LEATHER LUST Devil needs leather-crotch maintenance from a no-nonsense slave (20's-30's). Master is w/m, 40, 6'1", 180 lbs, the motorcycle rider, to be forced into submission and mind my leather crotch into ass. Some S&M and B/D. Potential for extended relationship. Only tight, leather fetish slaves should apply. Send application w/photo to: Boxholder, P.O. Box 1849, Washington, DC 20013.

WASHINGTON, slave, Sag., 54, 5'6", 168 lbs, white, 6". Relishes being subservient to decent, good-looking men who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beards or red heads, or hairy bodies. Box 227S.

WASHINGTON, SM, Sag., 33, 5'7", 130 lbs, white, 10"; knowledgeable, very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try new things with uninhibited partners, 45-50. No fags, fets, long hair or body odor. Box 84D.

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS  
GET RESULTS!

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED?  
S., 6', 51, 185 lbs., will train slave any way with good body, firm burns. Masculine looks a must. Box 704.

## FLORIDA

MIAMI, W/m, 33, 5'7", 120 lbs., slim, build, interested in heavy long-term rope bondage and mild spanking. Totally submissive with right master. Box 745.

COCOA BEACH, S, Capricorn, 59, 5'6", 155 lbs., white; knowledgeable, open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

SOUTHERN FLORIDA, S, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., crewcut, construction worker, into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Likes kinky scenes. Am masculine and hung. Need service from mimics, cock hungry, plus thirsty dudes. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

FT. LAUDERDALE, S, 43, 5'7", 150 lbs., 7' cut, big balls and big hands looking for FF wide receivers for three-ways with would-be slave. No scat or heavy pain trips. Demand that but considerate. Box 258.

HAIRY MACHO MEN  
If you're into hairy, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough masters; write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59.

M, 5'10", 155 lbs., 50, 8" cut, tight but well-used ass, seeks 25-50 hairy, macho, funky, rugged man under 200 lbs., into levis, leather, uniforms, funky sex, w/s, sweat, being pleased by a man who can please. No skinnies or pretty boys. Box 59.

TALLAHASSEE w/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a master's needs. L/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 474.

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS  
SM, Taurus, 5', 6', 160 lbs., white, 5'7", 155 lbs., muscular stud, seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Only butch studs with boot or uniform fetish need apply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion as assured. Uniformed photo with phone number. Box 201 FLW.

LAKE WORTH, SM, Pisces, 36, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8"; old hand, can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Inte hairy S&M, regular sex. No fems, amateurs. Box 1201.

WANT THIRSTY HUNK MEN  
For heavy WS, sweaty muscle licking, enemas, exhibitionism, mirrors, etc; with this goodlooking narcissist, 40, 5'10", 180 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Studs can sweat me down and use me at both ends. Submissive will stay down, drink, and worship. Miami. Box 47.

SLAVE WANTS MASTER  
W/m, 31, 160 lbs., into S&M trips, knows how to serve, into leather and levis. Send photo, will answer all. WE, 11123 Nebraska Ave., Lot 21, Tampa, FL 33612.

HIALEAH, SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8", 165 lbs., white, 6"; knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to no as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fems, fats, long hairs. Box 9.

## GEORGIA

ATLANTA MS, Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, experienced. Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, working out, etc. Prefer someone in their 30's, tall, at least 6' well-endowed, muscular, ruggedly good-looking, hairy-chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box 58.

## HAWAII

HONOLULU, SM, 42, 6'4", slender, a hairy, 6" cut, big balls. Top willing to experience being bottom. Very masculine, expect same, 18-35, white, hung, clean. No fats, freaks, scat. Box 254.

## ILLINOIS

TRAVELING DOMINANT  
S., 36, 5'7", 175 lbs., hairy, 7" cut, looking for swelling bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trustworthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage; am always hairy. No fats, fems, WS, drugs or heavy pain. Interested in possible vacation/ski adventures. Box 18.

CHICAGO, W/m, 29, 6'2", 170 lbs., intelligent, prof., 6%", Cancer, seeks dominant hung, masculine, good-looking men for long hot sex. No FF, scat or w/s. Into leather & levis, jock straps, etc. Box 602.

BODYBUILDER MASTER, submissive will suck and do his attitude. Must hand his conduct to properly earn the honor of further privileges, administered as You see fit. Serious only. Photo with reply to Box 760.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular, 5'10", dominant and knowledgeable. Handsome bodybuilder. Knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats, Box 418.

WHITE, 38, 6', 155 lbs., looking for slim young stud 21-35, white, Italian, or Latino who enjoys mild slave & master bondage. I will be the slave if you can be a forceful but gentle master. Do not write unless you are serious. Box 728.

ELGIN. Looking for mounted, bearded hairy trucker or cowboy type 25-40 for light S&M with right person. Should be affectionate, but no fats, tems. Into W/S, scat with right person. Not into gay bar scene. Lifetime relationship possible. Am 33, 165 lbs, 6', beard, moustache, hairy. Box 727.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11, 170 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable; turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutual domination. Master needs scabber boots for job. Big slanted leather boots for leather slaves. Limits respected, no drugs. Bert, 2423 Ridgeway Ave., Evanston, IL 60201.

CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5'10", 140 lbs., 7" uncult, white, completely inexperienced. Wanting to be with the right person. Has intense desire to orally serve beer drinker heavily into w/s who wants a man-to-man relationship with warm affectionate partner. Should be well built with body hair. Box 160.

W/m, 29, seeks guys into B&D, humiliation in underwear or longjohns. Jay H., 450, Briar, No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

## BORN TO SERVE

Need to worship big, muscular body; know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 155 lbs., slender. Prefer someone in their 30's, tall, at least 6' well-endowed, muscular, ruggedly good-looking, hairy-chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box 58.

CHICAGO, M, Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7"; knowledgeable, enthusiastic and willing to try almost anything with level-headed partner in good physical condition. No fems, fats. Box 1862.

## RODYBUILDER

S., versatile, hunky Capricorn into various scenes. Wants loving slave for admiration and sexual fulfillment. Rewards for good service. Am 6', 180 lbs., located in the St. Louis area (Ailton, IL). Box 159M.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable; turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-booted sessions. Respect limits. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 1725.

SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs., looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits; but can be either extremely sadistic or gentle, based on slaves endurance. Must be clean. Box 382.

MASTER LOOKING FOR SLAVE  
Who will take care of my home. Will be kept naked and shaved. Must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to swim, bike, and work. 18-35 and under. 6". Will help relocate. Send photo with letter, Box 314.

WANTED: SLAVE  
No week-ends, or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude. Age unimportant. Into all scenes except scat. Box 665.

## INDIANA

ABSOLUTE MASTER, 40, 6', 150 lbs., 8" uncult, seeks slender, hairy, uncult, permanent live-in slave into heavy romance, w/s, scat! Total commitment essential! Serious replies only! Send application and photo to: Master, 1735, N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

## ATTENTION SLAVE

IndigoSoul Master, 37, demands a permanent, total slave! Master is very demanding and experienced. Heavy into S&M and B&D. Total servitude, slave must be ready to serve completely. My slave must be capable of being the world's best slave. Box 752.

SOUTHERN S, 32, 6'2", 190 lbs., 8" cut, seeks slim, obedient slave under 30. Am intelligent, reasonable and respect limits. Photo a must. Box 729.

INDIANAPOLIS, S, 48, 6'2", 105 lbs., 6" uncult, seeks willing, obedient, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferably uncult. Am understanding but forceful. Box 1800.

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24, 6', 180 lbs., 6" cut into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is in bondage and pain. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-40, no fats. Box 73.

LOOKING FOR A NEW DUNGEON?  
OR AN OLD DUNGEON?  
OR A NEW SLAVE?  
THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL FIND IT!

## IOWA

Is anyone in central Iowa into Drummer-type sex? Discreet, versatile 180 lbs., white, 6'1", 180 lbs., experienced in contact, possible get-together with compatible leather/levi types. Usually prefer M role. Box 741.

## KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE  
Lexington, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head on. If you are ready, write now. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40588.

## LOUISIANA

LAFAYETTE abject slave, 43, 5'11, 180 lbs., needs total control, almost no limits. Travel Houston - New Orleans. Take me down, SIR! Box 740.

W/m, 34, sees submissives for novice training, discipline, light S&M or expanding limits. P.O. Box 50964, New Orleans, LA 70150.

HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., white, 7" novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fems, drunks. Box 130Z.

MONROE, 33, white, 6', 175 lbs., white, 26-40. Am primarily M into father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for proper M. Box 332.

NEW ORLEANS, SM (M preferred), 35, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 7"; seeking dominant top who knows how to use an ass and likes to do it. Visitors, grooms most welcome. No fems or phones. Box 422.

## MARYLAND

BALTIMORE AREA, M, novice, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere, understanding, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel. Box 128.

## MASSACHUSETTS

White slave, 37, 6', 160 lbs., into B&D, whips, boots, T/T, C&BT, W/S, candle, shaving, oral service, anal service. Beg to serve black masters 30-40. Please reply with photo, will do on command. Box 755.

PHOENIXTOWN, M, 35, 5'10", 140 lbs., white, good body, hot ass, seeks dominant, corporeal "Masochistic" man, with beard or moustache, over 32. Leather, levis and hung are a plus; but most important is a brain. Use it to turn me on mentally and physically. Often in Boston and New York. No B&D, scat, raunch or dummies. Send photo, Box 447.

GWM, 26, Goodlooking, good body, needs imaginative master for w/s. Light B&D, S&M. P.O. Box 222, Brockton, MA 02403.

BOSTON, M, inexperienced, 5'10", 165 lbs., white, good body, hot ass, seeks dominant, corporeal "Masochistic" man, in experience. Can follow my orders and would like to meet someone who has teaching ability, stays in firm control. No fats, especially no fems. Box 192.

EX-MARINE, w, 41, into uniforms, spit-shined boots and military shoes, seeks intimate photo and ideas exchange with good buddy. Box 713.

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN, 46, 5'9", 160 lbs, seeks L/L partners over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721.

W/m, 42, 5'10", 160 lbs., stiff 6", into bondage, cock ball and tilt torture. Box 343, Leominster, MA 01453.

## MICHIGAN

DETROIT w/m, 34, 5'6", 135 lbs., good looking, 170 lbs., (especially thick) needs hunkly dark thumbs and hot and wild receptive, rear with good tight bodies to age 40. FF, bondage, toys and good things. No fats or fems. Here or there. Photo preferred. Box 351, Farmington, MI 48024.

Goodlooking bottom, 33, 5'9", 158 lbs., white, into light S&M, W/S. Am not into bondage. Looking for young, 18-35, tops to serve, prefer smooth body, white only. Picture and phone answered first. Box 61, Ferryburg, MI 48409.

TAYLOR, MS, Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165, white, 6", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs, 6", cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, under 45, who is sensual as well as horny, not afraid to give and take alike. Inter/levi/leather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emotional problems. Box 204.

SOUTHFIELD, 46, 6", 160 lbs., German S, muscular, 7" uncut; seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing; with limits respected. No drugs, fats, fems. Hairless body, tight physique a plus. Box 468.

## MINNESOTA

NATIONWIDE  
White, short-haired, whiskered ex-sailor, 50, 5'10", 170 lbs., uncut, perpetual French kiss, semi-absolut, obscene-spoken, white, short-haired S or SM as mate-for-life, 45-75, any size, manfully built, hung average or better, French passive with full-time, constant. Required: mutual honor, one bed, no profane friendship. Offered: W/S, slow, expert, hours-long, front/rear blow jobs daily, world's filthiest stories, obedience, worship. Like uniforms, badges, tattoos, big boots, bikes, levi's, leather, cigars, beer piss, bulls, studded leather-hands, cops, cowboys, farmers, hard hats, truckers. All U.S. Will relocate. Box 590.

PERMANENT SLAWANTED  
Downers Grove, IL, 36, Gemini, 6'1", 175 lbs., semi-permanent slave. And experienced with well-equipped game room. Am into Leather/FF, FF, W/S, B&D and S&M. Seeking young slave who is willing to serve on a permanent basis, and who will see a show of affection, not as a sign of weakness. No fats or fems, sincere only. Mike 1613 19th Street South, Moorhead, MN 56560.

MINNEAPOLIS, Bondage artist seeks buddy to share leather/western fantasies. Must be sincere, hunkly and same. No drugs. I'm 6'3", 190 lbs., and handsome. Box 566.

TOILET FACE SITTING  
MINNEAPOLIS, SM, Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7" bearded bottom for piss & scat, I love leather and kinky scat. I'm a real stud, like to freak into shaving, light S&M, B&D, art work. Can also go top. Write Al, Box 476, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

W/m, 30's, not superguy in every way but have lots to offer. Interested in Drummer type scenes in either direction. Flexible, creative, energetic, upfront, rational, some experience. Box 30163, St. Paul, MN 55175.

## MISSOURI

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M  
Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, penitence, poverty, labor, silence, cloister, devotions. You will learn sign language have name changes, hair shaved. If you pass the novitiate you will be professed Usque As Mortuam. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a part time meditation. Vocation to serve? Many with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen. Box 363.

ST. LOUIS, SM, 43, 6", 160 lbs, 7" uncut, bearded, novice, into either role. Looking for masochistic, domineering, hairy chest and uncut. No fats, fems, or scat. Dig up role, into W/S, cock worship. Box 64.

ST. LOUIS, S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience, will punish any infringement. Master and apprentice must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be late 40s. Box 245.

OMAHA, S, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs, entering scene. Looking for cleancut white M to 30, goodlooking, muscular, smooth body, masculine, and who enjoys being dominated. Prefer novice. Start with light B&D and grow together. I'm respectable and gentle, you must be. Your personal character important. No drugs, fats, fems or dirty need apply. Box 231.

## NEVADA

BOXING  
W/m, 28, 6", 190 lbs., seeks men 28-40. No photo, no reply! Box 12626, Las Vegas, NV 89172.

## NEW JERSEY

MASTER WRESTLER  
6'1", 180 lbs., 7" uncut, challenges able-bodied, fighting, stock to combat, all-in submission. Belts, bongos, cockfights, S&M bouts my specialty but will nail your ass any rules, gear you name sucker. Wrestle me and see what it means to lose to a top master. Travel. Specify styles, gear. Box 285.

GERMANY CITY, M, Libra, 34, 6', 163 lbs., white, 6", novice. Have enjoyed light leather, bongos, and playing with your body. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me and let his friends use me, too. I'll serve as third to a Master and his slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101N.J.

GRIZZLY BEAR seeks same. NJ/NY w/m, 32, 5'11", 240 lbs, 6", uncut, br, hair, bl, eyes, bearded novice looking for someone I can hug without fear of damaging. Not committed to either stance. Willing to explore with the right master. Can be a plus. No FF, scat or heavy S&M. Pictures a help; all letters answered. Box 211, 132 W. 24th St., New York NY 10011.

HE-MAN STUDS ONLY  
General guy gives complete oral service. Lay back and relax. Very discreet and safe for married. Note with photo. P.O. Box 342, Pine Brook, NJ 07058.

Very strict, forceful teacher wishes to be employed at legitimate school that believes in military discipline by the cane, the strap, and the paddle. No fakes or phonies please. Box 103VC.

SOUTH CENTRAL, SM, w/m, 42, 6'1", 154 lbs, 7" uncut, experienced, seeks same. Can pick up on partners needs and supply them. Should be same age, masculine or muscular, med or well-endowed. No fats, fems, scat, dominants, or younger looking than about 40. Prefer white, no facial hair. Box 15.

NU/NJ/NY, W/m, 5'11", 182 lbs, 6", 40, topman experimenting with bottom role. Into jocks, toys, oil, 1/4, piercing, enemas, spreadeagle, dominants, jeeps, young tight white bodies. All ages. Photo tops and bottoms countrywide. Photos returned and appreciated. Box 21.

NORTHERN JERSEY, W/m, 38, 6'2", 185 lbs, hairy, knowledge, muscular, dominant and aggressive. Master yet can be gentle. Acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No fats, drugs, fems or phonies; Box 291.

HIGHSTOWN, M, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs, 7", cut. Blond hair seekings being controlled. Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking, cut, dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201N.J.

BELLEVILLE, 55, 5'10", 160 lbs, 7" cut, medium build, dominant S looking for ass-eaters, hot mouthed bottoms. No dopes, drunks, fems. Box 403.

NJ/NY, Captain on early retirement, 55, 5'10", 150 lbs, 7" cut thick, misses congenial sailors and docile, servile cabin boys. Would like to meet a real sailor. Will break out or break in docile seafaring cabin boys depending on what is kneaded. Write to your captain and get in close touch. No fats, fems, drunks or dopes. Fred Hobbes, Box 302, Belleville, NJ 07109.

## NEW YORK

NYC, hot animal, mid-30's, wants to smell and lick your hot unwashed, funky body, sweaty underarms, feet, asshole, nose, drink your piss. Get serviced the way you've dreamed of. Box 712, New York, NY 10011.

HUNKY WRESTLER TYPES  
Cum sit on this masculine w/m's ass-eating face, 49, talented mouth & tongue into servicing hunky men. Reciprocation, kissing, nippleplay optional. Love sucking cock, tits, licking, ampits, crutch feet, especially remanding. Suck, cum, enjoy servicing (male) couples & groups. Kinkier scenes considered. Box 25.

NEW YORK, S, Taurus, 44, 6', 170 lbs, 7" uncut, 7" novice. Seeks hairy, dark, hairy chest with large, uncut cock. Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

GEMINI, 41, 6'3", slender, good body, 6", tattoo; seekies tattooed partners. Am novice in both stances. Box 452A.

SUPER HEAVY S&M  
Way out and wild S&M given to your young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real M's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12 R, c/o Room 603, 147 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036.

COWBOY PHOTOGRAPHER with photo in Gay Mag's needs to photo indoor action of Not Slaves into S&M and B&D. Also want, Butch Punks into piercing, Bikes, tattooing, shaving and raunchy action, Pay or photos. Submit qualifications and photo to LPM 219 West 15 St., NYC 10011.

BUFFALO, W/m, 25, 5'9", 185 lbs, 7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Looking for leather lover, 21-35. Into S&M and discretion. Box 404BNY.

BROOKLYN, M, Aquarius, 33, 6'1", 170 lbs, white/Cherokee Indian, 7" uncut, knowledgeable. Smooth bodybuilder, talented, tight ass slave needs domineering master to 40, 40-60, hairy, into B&D. No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box 122.

NEW YORK, Aryan, 47, 5'8", Aries/Taurus cusp, into motorcycles, boats, police uniforms, tattoos and S&M; seeking a mate in corresponding with stocky cigar smoking macho man, 40 plus. Box 52H.

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS  
or your pad, whichever you prefer. 37, 5'10", 150 lbs, 7" cut, and new to the leather game and seeking big stud who likes to be worshipped in their leathers. Flicks, booze, poppers, jocks, dirty talk, and the aroma of leathers turns me on. I want to learn about w/s, BB, enemas, scat, and all the scenes from big cocked masters. No fats, orers. Will try most anything out. My tender white ass awaits your pleasure. Will answer all. Box 95.

NYC FOOT SLAVE, 26, 6'1", 170 lbs, 7" cut, very attractive, masculine and dominant. S, A, FF, A, FF, wishes to meet together big-footed foot master to explore ultimate depths of foot service, scenes, fantasies, feeling, intimacy and beyond. Please write Box 304, 201 Varick Street, New York, NY 10014.

W/m slave, 35, Capricorn, into heavy, prolonged leather bondage, harnesses, masks, strait-jackets, rubber, bandages, etc. Into enemas. Looking for together guy who is also affectionate. Into total bondage lifestyle. Am 5'10", 155 lbs. Box 107.

TRAINING NEEDED  
W/m, 35, 5'8", 158 lbs., medium build, 6", cut, novice. M seeks understanding. Master to bring out ability to serve. Willing to submit. Not into scat or public humiliation. Hope for tall, white man over 20. Box 80.

MS, 35, 5'10", 180 lbs, 6", cut into and sex. FF or sex. FF on basic. Prefer Oriental, 30-45, trim. Am level headed and adventurous. Prefer slightly dominant partner. Box 63.

FOOT SLAVE!  
Goodlooking, masculine bodybuilder, perfectly developed, 40, 5'7", 150 lbs, seeks goodlooking, well built master who grooves on having bare feet worshipped. Master to bring out sex drive. Like S&M, leather, rough sex work and verbal S&M. Box 36, Downstairs, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, S, Taurus, 46, 5'9", 172 lbs, 6" uncut, white, experienced, trustworthy, imaginative, more or less serious partner. leather/levi partner to 49, with reasonable endurance, into S&M, spreadeagle bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fats, fems, fakes. Send appropriately submissive reply. Box 185P.

## DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

NEW YORK CITY, "S", 34, 6'2", 180 lbs, white, full beard and mustache, experienced novice seeking applications from goodlooking white M's. Send application with photo, state limits. B/B especially welcome but not necessary. No box. Box 754.

STUD, 36, moustache, macho Italian Libra, short hair, 6' cut, 5'5", 145 lbs, semi-muscular body, sensual and horny, nameless & tits hot. Box 101. New to leather training, need to train and give, inexperienced, need training. Want to learn to be top, willing to start at bottom. Am rebel cock-teaser who needs to be roped, bridled and ridden hard by a leatherheaded master (macho role-playing) partner 30-40, white beard or moustache. Explore but respect limits, no scat. Write P.O. Box 916, NYC 10006.

QUEENS, NY, mature male Scorpio, bottom man, 57", 145 lbs, hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork, FF, WS, scat, Jack straps, hairy bodies, black beads, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes. Box 306.

NYC Experienced, intelligent slave, 29, 6'4", 155 lbs, nicely hung, good-looking, seeks Authoritative, Disciplinarian Master, 45 plus, Intelligent, Sane, preferably hirsute. Box 718.

BUFFALO, w/m, 42, 6'1", 174 lbs, uniforms, leather, levis, Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all, travel. Box 715.

MANHATTAN, Black man, 50, seeks white, non-fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking cock, drinking my piss, wanting his mouth fucked and his bottom spanked regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset, his head, in service, allegiance, love and communion. Box 510.

BOSSMAN, white, 42, 5'7", 145 lbs, well built, rugged, good looks, hung, tattooed, bearded, bright, aggressive, wears leather, levis, boots, likes it rough, raunchy, laid back, looking for some men to fuck with. Write: RES, Box 1064, New York, NY 10022.

VERY STRICT NYC Leather Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs, 7" cut, mustache, sees real slave. You will live in full, firm discipline. My position is so difficult to earn, I'm willing to accept well-trained slaves or to train a novice. Attitude is all important. Write groveling letter begging for interview. Be prepared for the total security of total surrender. Box 255.

SILICONE NYC hot man interested in connecting with siliconed men. Don't write if you haven't had it done. Exchange information, ideas, photos. Can travel. Box 405F.

BROOKLYN, S, 6', 170 lbs, 30, muscular, 7" cut, Taurus looking for man, 18-40, with genuine attitude of servitude. Should be masculine, well built, mentally and emotionally flexible. Box 255.

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., 8% hot, goodlooking, masculine, bearded, muscular guy; warm and intelligent, wants to give himself to a together, well-hung stud. Fall my mouth and ass with your cock, hand and piss, clamp my tits. Into most scenes, but no heavy pain. Box 406E.

THE AUTHOR OF MR. BENSON invites you to submit your application as one of his slaves. You will be expected to humbly submit to his physical and psychological demands. Your explicit letter must be accompanied by a photo. Jack Prescott, Box 465.

W/m, tall, attractive, 30s, moustache, uncut, looking for hot sex, WS, FF (top), verbal, whatever. Box 489.

MANHATTAN S, 36, 5'10", blond German Leathermaster, attractive and down to earth, experienced and reliable, seeks hot handsome slave. If you think you are special, send photo and submissive reply. Would like to hear from other masters, too. Box 731.

WANTED TRAINES

Hot, bearded, 6', Master, ex-military, seeks young (over 18), white, muscular, good-looking, experienced and willing to please, explore and experience B&D. Novice or experienced, bi, etc, encouraged, limits respected, expanded. Into jockstraps, gym trunks, C/B, tits. No Greek, FF, scat. Please write with details of experience and/or fantasy, include photo. Box 732.

NEW YORK, M, Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs, 7" cut, goodlooking, clean-cut novice seeks macho, good-looking, dominant partners. Likes verbal sex, humiliation, FF, WS, FF, leather, clean-cut top man. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn-on. Box 220K.

## OHIO

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155 lbs, white, 6%, novice. French Bulldog, very passive, wants to please, likes to be dominated. No fats, heavy S&M, or B.O. Box 17V.

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9", 163 lbs, white, 6%, biker, leather/levi, mutual satisfaction for macho, sincere, straight-appearing butch types. No fats, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

BOOT LOVER, 27, 5'7", 137 lbs, looking for near guy into Frye Boots that wants me to lick them and cum on them. Box 559.

AKRON, MS, Gemini, 43, 6'1", 195 lbs, white, 6%, knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers, drug users or hippies. Box 187L.

COLUMBUS, SM, 32, 6', 180 lbs, 7', Aries, intelligent, professional, experienced. Seeks local friends 25-35. I'm into bondage, tit and C&B pain. Have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo. Box 730.

## OKLAHOMA

STILLWATER, SM, 36, 5'9", 180 lbs, 8" uncut, ex-police officers looking for other officers, ex-officers, those into uniforms as a lifestyle. No fats, drugs, fats, scat. Box 45.

## OREGON

HOT, tattooed, pierced "M" rancher, 40, 6'7", 185 lbs, looking for hot, hung, hairy, "S" stud. Into W/S, B/D, FF, j/o, asseating, tattoos, tit workouts. Name you it, I'll try it. Possible lifetime partner. Write with photo. Box 750.

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS  
GET RESULTS!

NEAR, EUGENE, butch, 6', 165 lbs, 38, hairy, brown hair/blue eyes, weekend jock, looking for another guy ready to give and take. Good men welcome. Photo gets mine. Box 448.

PORLAND, S, 32, 5'5", 170 lbs, semi-muscular, hairy, 7% cut, demanding. Like to hear slaves beg, but respect limits. Masculine dudes, attracted, muscular, but at least not fat. Want discipline in leather or levis, write Box 241.

## PENNSYLVANIA

FOOT SERVICE

I know how to please, 5'6", 32, 140 lbs, w/m, will worship your feet/boots. Moustache a plus, beards. K.O. Box 705.

## ATTENTION RUGGED DUNDAGORE MEN!

White male mid 30's, masculine and average-looking wants to be hogtied, sacked, and loaded into a truck by Rugged Dundagore men. Will attend as Labor and to work their Work Dundagore and Sweaty Bodies! No S&M, pain or degradation. Box 641.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Cancer, 40, 6', 210 lbs, white, 7" cut, leading role. Masculine, weightlifting with 48" chest, 34" waist, wants to expand experiences with clean, experienced, masculine S. Box 23.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs, white, 7%, known, edgible. Masculine, 8", seek S. Box 35 into S&M, B/D, WS, oil, leather, levi, send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5'11", 140 lbs, white, 8", Completely inexperienced but willing to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50 lbs. Box 52F.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160 lbs, white, 7", knowledgeable. Italian stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve him, bootlicker, and change him. Want to train up to 35 in S&M, B/D, WS, chains, bike and western, leather, toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 52.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5'10", 140, white, 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 52F.

WILKES BARRE, S, Cancer, 41, 6', 170 lbs, white, 12". Experienced military disciplinarian with rural stockade. 20 years military experience, sees prisoners, from training to punishment, to penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fats, fats. Box 55.

HARRISBURG, M, 160 lbs, 38, white slave looking for master, 21-25, no fats, fats, fms, uregs. Into W/S, B/D, jock straps, torn pants, verbal humiliation, public worship. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or else. Will go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC. Box 959.

SCRANTON, M, Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs, 6", intelligent and experienced, demanding, affectionate Master (male age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay. Box 964.

PITTSBURGH, M, 43, 6', 180 lbs, semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls, 8 years in USMC, into discipline; looking for masculine man, under 5'8", w/m, is a good levi, who understands submissioin and service. Into face and ass fucking. No fats, fms or heavy S&M. Box 23.

## PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN, All dudes interested in animal fantasy, leather, levis, rimming, spanking, WS? phone (809) 722-3631. Will be visiting Miami and NYC in August. M 5'11", light brown, 140 lbs, all man.

## RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE. W/m, 5'9", 150 lbs, 31, clean-cut, sees patient Master for training service. Must respect limits. I desire slave, who will give total submission to my Master. Teach me all bondage, toys, serving, tit, play, etc. No pain or drugs. Respond with photo if possible. Box 164.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 24, 66 kg, 179 cm, white, into whipping with belts, whips, tit torture, verbal abuse, bondage, manacles, shackles, gags, piss, enemies, sucking, getting fucked, leather, levis, boots and uniforms. Seeks correspondence and/or meetings with dominant white Masters in USA, Canada, England, Germany, Sweden and Australia. Box 288.

## TENNESSEE

Capricorn, 40, 5'11", 175 lbs, brown hair, hazel eyes, into sucking, flogging, w/m, likes to be spanked, will turn me over home to goodlooking man, Bob, 515 N. Highland, Jackson TN 38301.

NASHVILLE, S, 39, 6', 150 lbs, 8" uncut, wants to study, working or well-built, masculine dude who isn't into games, or limitations. Into man-to-man action. No bullshitters, drunks, drug or fat. Box 61.

## TEXAS

HOUSTON AREA, w/m, 32, 5'9", 160 lbs, 6", needs experienced top for leather and rubber bondage, mud, greasy-oily dirt. No FF, scat or heavy piss. Prefer beards, hairy chest. Box 657.

TATTOO ARTIST WANTED

for lover/slave, permanent position, bi-monthly, 18-30. Must be under 35, under 145 lbs, no whites, no blacks. Write with photo to: T.M. Master, Box 816, Richmond, TX 77409.

DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER

36, 6', 165 lbs, sensational fast fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box 476.

DALLAS, Leo and Aquarius, both 8%", completely inexperienced, prefers someone to explore our unknown fantasies. Prefer hot, horny, masculine, outdoor type, no heavy action. Come to this and willing to do anything once. Raw no problem. No scat/dope. Want to hear from all you hot men. Photo appreciated. Box 266.

## EAGER TO LEARN

HOUSTON, S, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs, willing to do anything for someone who will teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs. Box 386.

DRUMMER 97

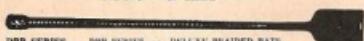




## DELUXE BATS



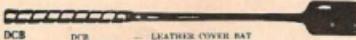
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 DFB 2004 = 27" BLACK 42.00



DBB SERIES DBB SERIES = DELUXE BRAIDED BATS  
 DBB 2001 = 27" BROWN 24.98  
 DBB 2002 = 27" BLACK 24.98  
 DBB 2003 = 27" BROWN 27.70  
 DBB 2004 = 27" BLACK 27.70



DTB SERIES DTB 2001 = 27" LINEN 27.33  
 DTB 2002 = 27" BLACK 27.33  
 DTB 2003 = 27" LINEN 27.33  
 DTB 2004 = 27" BLACK 27.33  
 DTB 2005 = 27" LINEN 29.66  
 DTB 2006 = 27" BLACK 29.66



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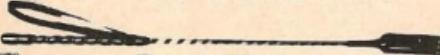
NO. 92 - BRANDING IRON: Up to 5 fixed characters, up to 12" high.

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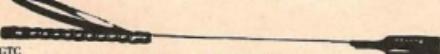
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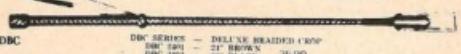
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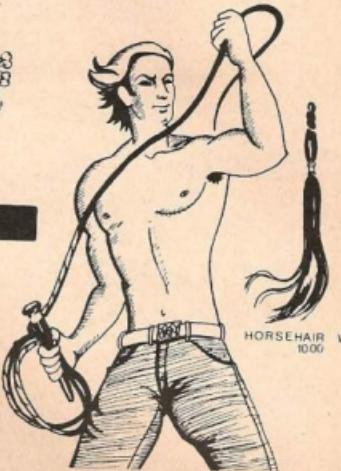
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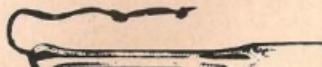
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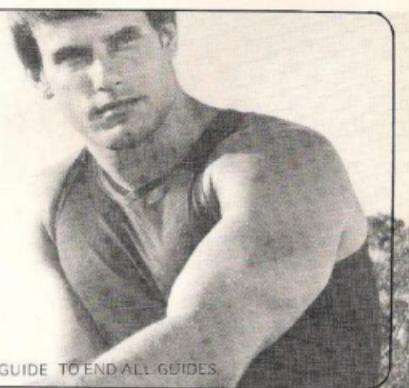
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ALL THOSE  
DRUMMER PARTIES

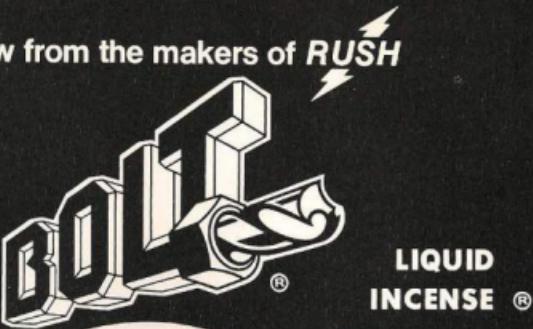
DRUMMER'S SUMMER STARTS OFF WITH  
A 5 BARRELLED BANG!



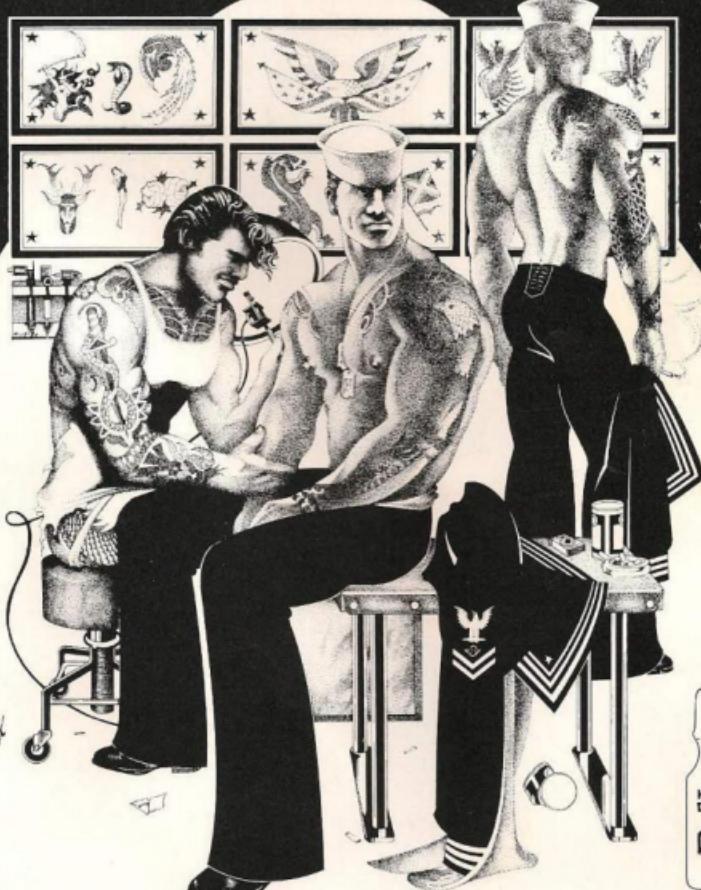
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